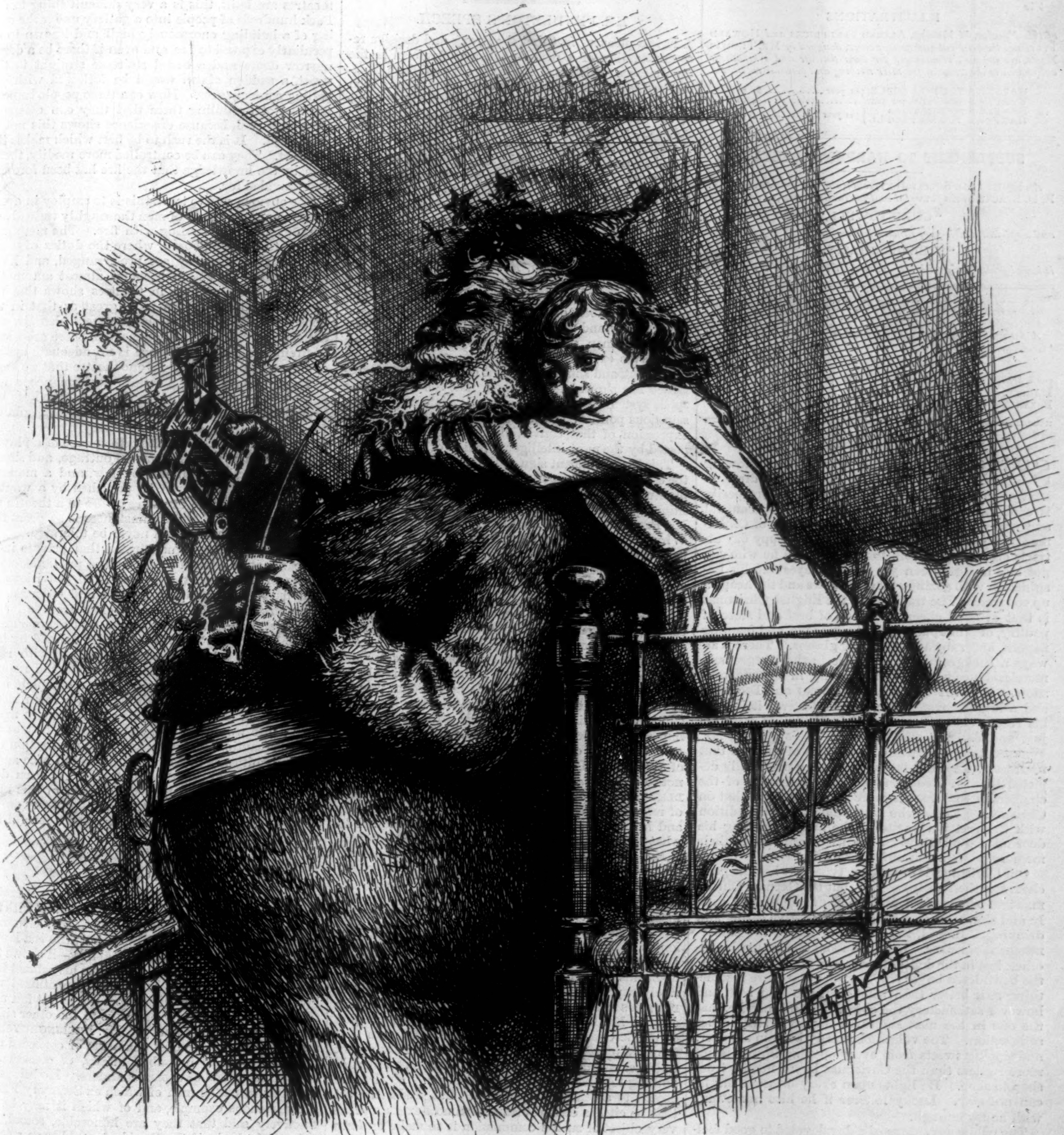
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXV.—No. 1305.

Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 24, 1881.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



CAUGHT!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
New York, Saturday, December 24, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER,

issued December 20, is so arranged as to be complete in itself, the Serial Story and Departments having been omitted in order to give place to a plenitude of exquisite Christmas lore. It contains a most fascinating fairy tale, entitled

"SHAMRUCK,"

by Mr. Frank R. Stockton; *a poem, called*

"MISTRESS SANTA CLAUS,"

by Mrs. Margaret Eytinge; *a charming story, entitled*

"A PERFECT CHRISTMAS,"

by Mr. W. O. Stoddard; *and a Trick Pantomime, called*

"THE MAGIC CLOCK,"

by G. B. Bartlett.

The

ILLUSTRATIONS

of this Number, by Messrs. Alfred Fredericks *and* Howard Pyle, *and the brilliant and artistic cover, designed by* Mr. Thomas Nast, *are not only remarkable for their delicate and sympathetic adaptation to the text, but for their striking and peculiar excellence.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, per year	$1 50
HARPER'S WEEKLY, per year	4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY AND HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE } per year	5 00

SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY.

An Eight-page Supplement, *containing the conclusion of* Mr. R. D. Blackmore's *powerful and fascinating novel,*

"CHRISTOWELL,"

and a spirited double-page illustration, entitled

"STEEPLE-CHASING,"

is issued gratuitously with this Number of Harper's Weekly.

NEW STORY BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

A fascinating Sea Story, by the author of 'The Wreck of the 'Grosvenor,'" entitled

"THE 'LADY MAUD,'"

with brilliant illustrations by F. M. H. de Haas, W. St. John Harper, *and other well-known artists, was begun in* Harper's Bazar *No.* 53, *Vol. XIV.*

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Santa Claus comes this year with overflowing hands, and his aerial reindeer never drew so heavy and so costly a load. The general prosperity is evident. The shops were never more beautiful and never more thronged. The spectacle of Christmas in the shops for weeks before the happy day attracts crowds of visitors to the city, and he who can not buy nor give can yet feast his eyes and his imagination with gazing at the windows and the heaped-up counters. The tradition of the English Christmas is that of good cheer, of barons of beef and store of poultry, of plum-pudding and mince-pie, and foaming flagons, and ruby and sparkling glasses. There is always a background of mistletoe in the picture, and morrice-dancers, and waits singing in the moon-lit snow. It is the Christmas of Irving and Dickens, and a bright, roystering, generous festival it is. In his recent charming story of Irving's life, with his just and delicate analysis of Irving's genius, Mr. Warner might have said even more of the fact that traditional England is nowhere more practically depicted than in *Bracebridge Hall*, and none of the chapters of that book is more delightful than that on Christmas. Those who have read it in some edition with the pretty vignette of the author opening his door upon the bashful children, carry always in their memory a sweet and unfading picture.

Our Christmas is of another type. It has the good cheer and the family meeting, but the German Christmas tree belongs to it, and the profusion of gifts, costly and simple, is as striking as the festive eating and drinking. Indeed, the profusion makes the embarrassment of riches. Beguiled from one beauty by another, lost in the delicious perplexity of equal charms, the bewildered buyer is at last sure that there is something still better than what seems to him best, and however satisfactory the object in hand may be, that the one in the next shop will impart a still higher satisfaction. The volatile butterfly born in a bower, and sipping sweets from every opening flower, is not more restless than the Christmas buyer flitting from shop to shop. He lights upon every blossom, but he can not stay. Lucky loiterer if he hies homeward with honey enough.

The public advantage of a day devoted to good feeling and generous emotion is incalculable. It is by what is called sentiment that progress is assured. Religious and patriotic and political feeling are largely the interpreters of history, and they are sentiments. Like the plants whose imperceptible growth upheaves huge temples, the finest sentiment moves the world. The sentiment of the Sabbath-day, due to religious feeling, is an inestimable benefit to the community, and it is easy to see the justice of Thackeray's generous tribute to Dickens's Christmas stories: "Was there ever a better charity sermon preached in the world than Dickens's *Christmas Carol?* I believe it occasioned immense hospitality throughout England, was the means of lighting up hundreds of kind fires at Christmas-time, caused a wonderful outpouring of Christmas good feeling, of Christmas punch-brewing, an awful slaughter of Christmas turkeys, and roasting and basting of Christmas beef." Such a tribute, indeed, recalls pleasantly Emerson's sly saying that the Englishman's "good" is good to eat; but how heartily, and, as it were, with a true English grip, Thackeray shakes the hand of his brother author, and praises his work! It was the very Christmas feeling, humane, generous, kindly, that Dickens expresses, which recognized its own portrait, and was enamored of its own beauty. His Christmas books were popular because they were true. The two great humorists are gone, and Christmas books seem to have gone with them, but the Christmas feeling remains, and we do wisely to cherish and deepen it as they did.

MR. PENDLETON'S SPEECH.

It is a pleasant fact that the strong and decisive recommendation of a definite scheme of reform in the civil service which was made by a Republican Postmaster-General in his annual report should have been followed by a vigorous and admirable speech in favor of the same scheme from a distinguished Democratic Senator—Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio. Mr. James is at the head of the great patronage department of the government, and he has had long and extensive practical experience. Mr. Pendleton is a leading member of the body which is constitutionally associated with the President in making appointments to the highest and most important offices, upon which the great multitude of the subordinate places depend. Both of the gentlemen are conspicuous party representatives: Mr. James is a leading Republican, Mr. Pendleton a leading Democrat. They commit themselves unreservedly to the principle of the Pendleton bill, which was prepared by members of both parties, who agree both on the necessity and upon the practical method of reform. Both gentlemen, also, in treating the subject address themselves exclusively to its merits, entirely without party heat, and simply in a spirit of patriotism. Experience has shown each of them that the evils of the spoils system can be no longer safely tolerated, and as sagacious political leaders they feel that the frankest expression of that conviction will be hailed and supported by the most intelligent opinion of the country.

This is a significant sign of the times. It shows that the country is no longer to be put off with the stingless platitudes of platforms, but that a clear and precise position upon the question must be taken by public men. Mr. Pendleton is not afraid of the word competition. Why competitive examinations? he asks. Because pass examinations have failed, he answers; and he shows why a pass examination for such a purpose must always fail. If personal favoritism is to be broken down, it must be by competition. There was no trimming in the speech. It was a strong, coherent, and conclusive statement and argument for taking the non-political civil service out of politics, not only for the sake of the service, but of the national character and political life. It is true that Mr. Pendleton is a Democrat, and that his party controls no national patronage. But unless we are to assume that honor and patriotism are extinct in public men, this fact is of no importance. Cobden said that he would gladly receive the repeal of the Corn Laws from the Tory hands of Sir Robert Peel, and that Sir Robert's word was not to be held false because he was a Tory. Mr. Pendleton's firm and detailed adhesion to the principles of reform is of a kind from which he can not retreat, and his words are those of a party chief who will do what he can to carry his party with him.

Mr. Dawes's reply was unfortunate. It is undoubtedly true that a permanent reform can be accomplished, like every great political change in this country, only by public opinion. But to oppose specific measures and to insist that public opinion is not yet ripe is a sorry way of securing progress. Public opinion is to be known from its representatives. Mr. Dawes represents a commonwealth whose opinions upon this subject are decided; they have been elaborately expressed in favor of the principle of Mr. Pendleton's bill. It would seem, therefore, to be the duty of Mr. Dawes, if he only awaits the expression of public opinion, to sustain the bill. He says that the existing act provides for all that the most ardent reformer can desire. But Mr. Pendleton's bill adds nothing to what is done under that act. Mr. Dawes objects to a central commission. But, under the act that he cites, a central commission now exists, and the very object of such a commission is to make uniform and general the precise scheme which Mr. Dawes applauds in the New York Custom-house and Post-office. He speaks of the proposed commission as irresponsible, and as practically charged with a kind of supreme control. But it is to be nominated by the President, and to be removable by him, and its action, as now, is to be by recommendation to him and by his approval. The bill of Mr. Pendleton is the matured result of great experience, knowledge, and intelligence, and if its principle be admitted, it will be very hard logically to assail its provisions. We trust that Mr. Dawes will take occasion to state his views more fully.

THE WARNING OF THE VIENNA CALAMITY.

The terrible catastrophe at Vienna has produced the usual expressions of apprehension of our own theatres, and the usual reports of their comparative security. There is no doubt that the awful disaster in Brooklyn four or five years ago led to excellent results in the New York theatres by providing better means of escape. But it is not fire, it is panic, which is the real peril, and that can be prevented by moral means only. The way to prevent panic and its frightful consequences is to provide the assurance of safety. There is no panic on the ground-floor of a dwelling-house which takes fire, because there is a consciousness that escape is easy. Persuade an audience that there is no serious danger, even if there be fire, and you have done what is possible to prevent panic. As theatres are built, this is a very difficult thing to do. Pack hundreds of people into a gallery under the ceiling of a building enormously high, and known to be peculiarly exposed to fire, and even if there be a dozen narrow doors and a broad staircase straight to the street, a sudden alarm would be followed with appalling consequences. How can these people be pacified? Not by telling them that they can escape if they keep cool, because experience shows this not to be enough. It is the rush to be first which makes the mischief. They can be controlled more readily, therefore, by the knowledge that the fire has been foreseen and provided for.

The obvious way to teach this is to employ in every theatre an ample body of men thoroughly trained and often exercised in dealing with fire. The method is akin to that on shipboard, where the duties of every man in an emergency are pre-arranged, and he is drilled until his action becomes almost automatic. The experience of fires in theatres shows that the panic behind the scenes is as great as that in the house. There is general helplessness, despair, and destruction. In some large theatres there are bodies of firemen already, but there is no adequate system of thorough discipline. In one theatre that we know in a large city, during a certain performance, a fire-engine was "steamed up" in the street, the hose was brought in behind the scene upon the stage, and the foreman held the pipe ready to play if there should be occasion. Of course the performance of a play requiring such precautions was an outrage, and should be most strictly prohibited by law, and a manager who permitted it should be punished by a want of public support. The exposure to fire in a theatre under the most favorable circumstances is so great that extraordinary risks should never be tolerated.

It is abundantly demonstrated that private interest can not be trusted to secure the public safety in places of amusement, and that legal provisions for that purpose, properly supervised and enforced, are indispensable. The necessary exits from all such places, and the general situation and arrangements of the buildings, should be carefully defined by law, and constant legal inspection provided, with regular public reports upon conformity to the requirements. With this there should be a complete body of firemen in constant training, and a few illustrations of their cool promptitude and success in managing a fire would do more to allay panic than any other precaution. It is a disgrace to civilization that such calamities as those in Vienna and in Nice and in Brooklyn should occur. Something has been done in New York theatres to avert disaster of this kind, but everybody knows that the burning of any crowded theatre in New York would involve a fearful loss of life.

CABINET CHANGES.

The selection of Mr. Frelinghuysen as Secretary of State will be generally approved. Viewed with that of Mr. Benjamin H. Brewster, as Attorney-General—who is less known to the country, but who is a lawyer of high reputation and conceded ability—it shows that while the President naturally chooses his cabinet from among those who have acted and sympathized with him and his party, his choice does not as yet fall upon those who are peculiarly offensive to the other side of the party and to the country. Mr. Frelinghuysen is a gentleman of the purest character, of conceded ability, of experience in public affairs, of conservative temperament, and of urbane manners. He belongs to the class of public men of which ex-Secretary Fish is a conspicuous example, and of which it may be distinctively said that they are honorable, sound, and safe. We doubt if the President could have selected from among those who are known as "Stalwarts" a gentleman for the State Department who would be so acceptable as Mr. Frelinghuysen, and his conduct of the department may be reasonably expected to be dignified, temperate, and satisfactory.

The successor of Mr. James as Postmaster-General will be anticipated with very great interest, not only because of the immense importance of the department and the vast number of persons employed by it, but also because of the vigorous administration of Postmaster-General James, and his prompt and unsparing pursuit of crimes and criminals against the service. The opportunities for fraud and robbery which are offered by the vast extent and nature of the postal service, and which have been diligently improved, and the similar opportunities of corruption by subsidizing the local press, which are furnished by its enormous patronage, reaching into every town and village throughout the Union, make the office of Postmaster-General one of the greatest power and influence in the government. Its direct patronage far surpasses that of the President himself. The President's selection for it, therefore, will be most closely scrutinized, and it would be a public misfortune as well as a serious injury to his administration if a choice should be made that is not the earnest of a continuation of the good work of Postmaster-General James.

Some persons have been currently named in connection with the department whose appointment would be a declaration of war against those who desire that there shall be no relaxation of reform, and a proclamation of return to the system which is detested by the most intelligent public opinion. The appointment of a Postmaster-General who is notoriously opposed to the principles and spirit which have governed the recent postal administration would be a sudden and disastrous blow to the general high regard in which the President is held. His experience of two months must have shown him clearly that the approval and support of his administration are assured if he decides to retain public sympathy by a progressive spirit and impartial conduct. The pressure to surround himself with a "Stalwart" faction, to abandon his administration to reaction and the promotion of personal ambitions and revenges, will be tremendous. But his ability to withstand this pressure will be the test of his ability to commend himself to the confidence of the country. It is in this view that every selection for the cabinet will be carefully and discriminatingly weighed. Mr. Frelinghuysen, Mr. Folger, and Mr. Brewster are appointments with which, under the circumstances, there must be general satisfaction. We hope that no man of different character and standing, no man identified with views and practices which the intelligent opinion of the country condemns, will be called to be their associate. Public opinion moves rapidly, and the President must be aware that the situation is not what it was when he went to the Chicago Convention.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN AFFAIR.

Our anticipation that the instructions to our ministers in Chili and Peru would not be found to be offensively dictatorial to the government of Chili is fully justified by their publication. The letters of instruction to General Hurlbut in Peru and to General Kilpatrick in Chili were dated on the same day, June 15, 1881, and they take the same general view of the situation. The communication to General Kilpatrick is more emphatic and detailed, and contains one or two questionable and inconsistent assertions. But the substance of both letters is that Chili has completely conquered Peru, and that Chili alone must decide whether a cession of territory shall be the necessary price to be paid for peace. Without assuming to interfere, and speaking only as a friend, the Secretary thinks that, for many reasons, in the final settlement territorial changes should be avoided as far as possible. Justly interpreted, the instructions import that the United States would prefer to see the difference composed without such changes. There is, however, no threat of interference, and no "bumptiousness" whatever. Yet, like all diplomatic instructions, they imply intelligence in the instructed agents, and they certainly authorize nothing like General Hurlbut's conduct, which the Secretary sharply reproved in a subsequent letter, which is also published. The only wonder is that General Hurlbut was not peremptorily recalled.

There are, as we said, some questionable assertions in the letters of instruction, which can hardly be accepted as maxims to govern our diplomacy. In the letter to General Kilpatrick, the Secretary remarks that "nothing but a necessity proven before the world" can justify a forced transfer of territory, and that the victorious state can not be accepted as an impartial judge of the necessity. If this means that the necessity must be proven to some kind of general tribunal, it is historically an incorrect statement. The necessity of our acquisition of territory from Mexico was not proven before the world, nor even to this country. If the necessity of cession of territory may not be determined by the victorious power, and if its decision be subject to question by other powers, the United States had as much right to call Germany to account for the absorption of Alsace as Chili for absorbing Peruvian territory. It is undoubtedly in the American view a right of the people of a country to govern themselves, and according to that view, the question of a fundamental change of government should be determined by the people of every state. But if the war is to be regarded as the act of the people, because waged by their representatives, the settlements accepted by their representatives must be regarded as equally their act. And even if the people of any conquered state are not consulted in the final settlement, is it to be the duty of the United States to correct the procedure?

The essential part of the instructions, however, is what we have stated. There is no dictation; but read in the light of the Secretary's temperament, there is discernible in the letters, perhaps, a disposition "to boss the job" of the settlement. The whole affair emphasizes the necessity of a wise selection of agents to whom the conduct of such delicate questions is to be confided. If our relations with other states are of a kind to require resident ministers, they are of a kind to require discreet and intelligent ministers. The proper qualifications for such positions can not be determined by the personal solicitation of applicants, nor by the easy and irresponsible recommendations of individuals and committees. If they are not determined by reputation and general standing, they can be ascertained only by discriminating inquiry.

AN ANTI-CAUCUS PLAN.

A correspondent suggests that an objection to the scheme of nomination by general ballot is that the result would be at the mercy of the mob of the opposing party; that is to say, that Democrats would vote to nominate Republican candidates, and *vice versa*. But this objection is not well considered, because, as every voter would have but one vote, if he threw it away to make mischief in the other party, he would have lost it to help his own. It is true that in districts where one party should be in an overwhelming majority, it would have votes to spare to confuse the nominations of the other. But such exceptions would neutralize each other, and as both parties would have their divisions, the voters of neither party would care to throw away their votes. The nomination in this respect would not differ from an election, at which few men divert their votes from their own party candidates to make trouble for the other side.

Our correspondent further proposes a plan which seems to him simpler and more feasible, and which he shall state in his own way:

"The solution of the problem is, however, through legislation, and requires only a slight change in our election laws. Under this plan, conventions, newspapers, and individuals may nominate or suggest one or many party candidates, and the partisan voter may vote for his own choice and yet not throw away his vote, while the invariable result is that the strongest candidate in the strongest party is the one elected.

"Independent voting and party efficiency are both preserved in the plan, which, though unlike Professor Hare's, is called

THE PREFERENCE VOTE.

"Its rules are:

"1. The voter may place one or many names on his ballot, but only one (the first named, unless otherwise designated) is considered his *first choice*, and all others his substitute or *second-choice* candidates for the office named.

"2. A person named on a majority of all the ballots cast is elected, and as between two or more persons each named on a majority of all the ballots, that one who is so named as *first choice* on the largest number of such ballots is the one elected.

"3. In the possible event that no person is named on a majority of the ballots, then the person named on the largest number of ballots is the one elected.

"*Illustration.*—A district with 10,000 Republican voters restive under machine control, and 9500 docile Democrats who under existing laws usually elect their caucus candidate.

"The new law comes in force, and the Democrats, as usual, nominate and vote solidly for their candidate, Mr. Z.

"The Republican conferences and newspapers (without the usual binding caucus) bring forward Messrs. A., B., and C., leading men, one or the other of whom is entirely satisfactory to all members of the party. The obligation resting on all Republicans is only to support as *second choice* the prominent party candidates, but any voter may for his *first choice* name any person. The election is held, and the result is about as follows:

9,500 ballots are cast for Mr. Z.
4,300 " " " Messrs. A., B., C.
2,600 " " " " B., A., C.
3,100 " " " " C., A., B.
19,500 total vote. A majority is 9751.

The returns are made up as follows: The first column is the name of the candidate; the second, the number of ballots on which he is named as first choice; the third column, the number of ballots on which he is named as a second choice; the last column is his total vote:

Z.	9500	....	9,500
A.	4300	5700	10,000
B.	2600	7400	10,000
C.	3100	6900	10,000

Each one of the Republican candidates is named on a majority of all the ballots cast, and Mr. A., having been named as *first choice* on the largest number of those ballots, is elected.

"Thus, with no machinery, and in the one act of voting, caucus and convention are brought under the restraint of law, and the result expresses more nearly than under any other plan yet proposed the will of the majority."

ROBERT S. HALE.

In the death of Robert S. Hale the State loses one of its most valuable citizens, and his friends a most charming companion. Mr. Hale's fine and alert mind, his retentive memory and delightful cultivation, his joyous temperament and manly courage and independence, combined to make a singularly attractive man. His *bonhomie*, which sprang from a sincere friendliness of nature and enjoyment of social sympathy, and which overflowed in lively jest and flashing repartee, and apt quotation and allusion, never betrayed him into pusillanimity and weakness. In public as in private life it distinguished him, but in both it left his self-reliance unimpaired.

Mr. Hale was an admirably accomplished lawyer, and his quickness and accuracy and thoroughness were remarkable. Indeed, the variety and fullness of his powers and life were such that there is a peculiar sense of bereavement in his death. He had been ill for two years, and he knew the probable issue. But he did not relax his hold upon his old interests, even when his personal activity was necessarily suspended. For some years, and since his retirement from Congress, he had been withdrawn from public prominence. But his wise influence was constantly felt in the Board of Regents of the University, and his place in that Board will not be easily supplied.

Such men are the treasures of a state, and to keep their memory green is to strengthen and stimulate the public virtue, upon which the true prosperity of the commonwealth depends.

THE PEOPLE AND COPYRIGHT.

We have more than once pointed out that the object of copyright laws is the benefit of the people, not the protection of the author. The clause of the Constitution which authorizes such laws in this country is in the enumeration of powers granted to Congress, and is as follows:

> "To promote the progress of science and the useful arts by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries."

The Supreme Court has decided that an author has no exclusive property in a published work, except under some act of Congress. This doctrine was stated in England by Lord Chancellor Cairnes, and it is the English precedent that our Constitution and laws follow:

> "The intention of the act is to obtain a benefit for the people of this country by the publication to them of works of learning, of utility, and of amusement. This benefit is obtained, in the opinion of the Legislature, by offering a certain amount of protection to the author, thereby inducing him to publish his works here. This is, or may be, a benefit to the authors, but it is a benefit given not for the sake of the author, but for the sake of those to whom the work is communicated."

The intention of the Constitution is frustrated, and the people are so far defrauded, by refusing to secure to authors for a limited time the exclusive right to their writings. The international copyright treaty proposes a simple plan by which this right can be secured, and it also, so far, gratifies the sense of justice which accords a moral right to the author and inventor as to the producer of other property.

PERSONAL.

On Sunday, the 11th inst., Mr. Beecher preached one of the most interesting sermons of his life, on patience, and the reward of those who rise superior to their surroundings. After the sermon, while a collection was being made, he said: "I dislike to take a collection for any object, as I think it demoralizing. It gives many people an excuse for evading their duty. Many men of ample means evade their full obligation by putting in a ten-cent or a five-cent piece. Now I like to see pennies in the basket, because I know that they are put in by children; but when I see the dimes and the nickels, I say, 'Here come the army of mean men.' We ought never to take a collection here of less than $1000, and from that to $5000, and it is my duty to say that if you don't do better in this respect than you have done, I shall not permit you to have a collection at all."

—By an inadvertence in writing, we last week referred to Mr. Frederick E. Church as the subject of an appreciative review in *L'Art*. We should have said Mr. Frederick S. Church, whose exquisite etchings are well known on both sides of the Atlantic.

—Mr. Henry James, Jun., is now nearly forty years of age, of medium height, firm figure, full ruddy face, high forehead, dark hair and eyes, and full, close-cut beard. He is said to bear a strong resemblance to the Prince of Wales.

—Mr. W. J. Rolfe, whose edition of Shakspeare is rapidly approaching completion, has been made one of the vice-presidents of the New Shakspeare Society of London. The other American vice-presidents are Richard Grant White, Mr. Furness, Mrs. Furness, Mr. Hudson, James Russell Lowell, and Professors Child, Corson, and March.

—The King of Bavaria has conferred a hereditary barony on Mr. L. von Faber, proprietor of the famous pencil factory of A. W. Faber at Stein, near Nuremberg. Besides Mr. Faber's establishment in this city, he has large mills at Cedar Keys, Florida, where cedar logs are bought in immense numbers and sawed up into sizes fit for export. Mr. Faber has also successfully tried the experiment of transplanting small trees from Florida to Germany, where they are thriving admirably.

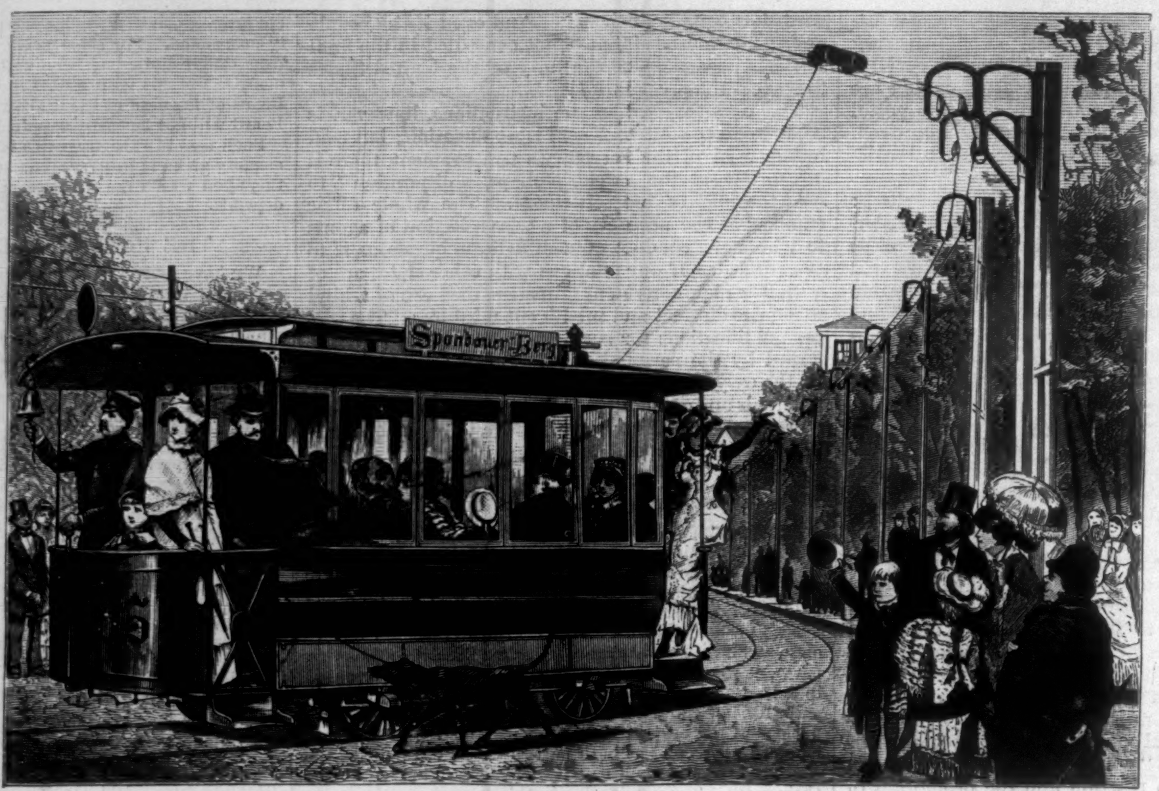
—Happy was the venerable Captain Isaac Bassett, the door-keeper of the United States Senate, who on the 5th of December last completed fifty years of service in that body. He was first appointed as a page on the recommendation of Daniel Webster.

—Mr. Du Chaillu's *Land of the Midnight Sun* is having as extraordinary a sale in England as it is in this country. At the annual dinner given by Mr. Murray, in London, a few days since, to leading members of the book trade, two thousand copies of that work were subscribed—an unprecedentedly large number for so costly a publication. Almost at the same time when this high compliment to Mr. Du Chaillu was paid to him at the literary centre of the Old World, he was the recipient of a banquet at Raton, Colorado, by the leading citizens of that town and region, having recently finished extensive explorations in that Territory.

—Mr. George M. Pullman, the originator of and main man in the Pullman Palace Car Company, is about forty-seven years of age, and is said to have accumulated a fortune of from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000, chiefly in that organization. A few years ago he bought about 3000 acres of land some sixteen miles from Chicago, at a cost of about $1,000,000, and there commenced to build a city bearing his name. He has erected vast shops for making cars, and employs from 5000 to 6000 workers in wood, iron, glass, painters, upholsterers, etc. The city is laid out, graded, sewered, etc., in the most perfect manner, and the public buildings, churches, free-school houses, and a $100,000 hotel are models. A prominent feature is the admirable and tasteful style of dwelling built for the workmen. Mr. Pullman has a palatial residence in Chicago, and fine summer places at Long Branch and on the St. Lawrence.

—The Rev. Dr. Cuyler, writing of Canon Farrar, says that "he attracts great crowds every Sabbath that he preaches in the Abbey, Americans contributing their full share to the throng. He is a tall, manly, intellectual-looking personage in the pulpit, and delivers his brilliant discourses with much emphasis. Everywhere and always Farrar is in dead earnest. But his superb volumes on Christ and Saint Paul, and his fearless eloquence against the drinking usages, have won for him the enthusiastic admiration of tens of thousands. He is a large-hearted and lovable man, with a prodigious capacity for work. Among the ministry the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Archbishop of York are widely regarded as the two strongest men in the Church of England. But among the laity Canon Farrar and Canon Liddon are regarded as the two most brilliant preachers." Canon Farrar's works have a wide sale in the United States. Of his last work, *Mercy and Judgment*, published by E. P. Dutton, one edition has already been exhausted, while of *Eternal Hope* over five thousand copies have been sold.

ELECTRIC RAILROADS.

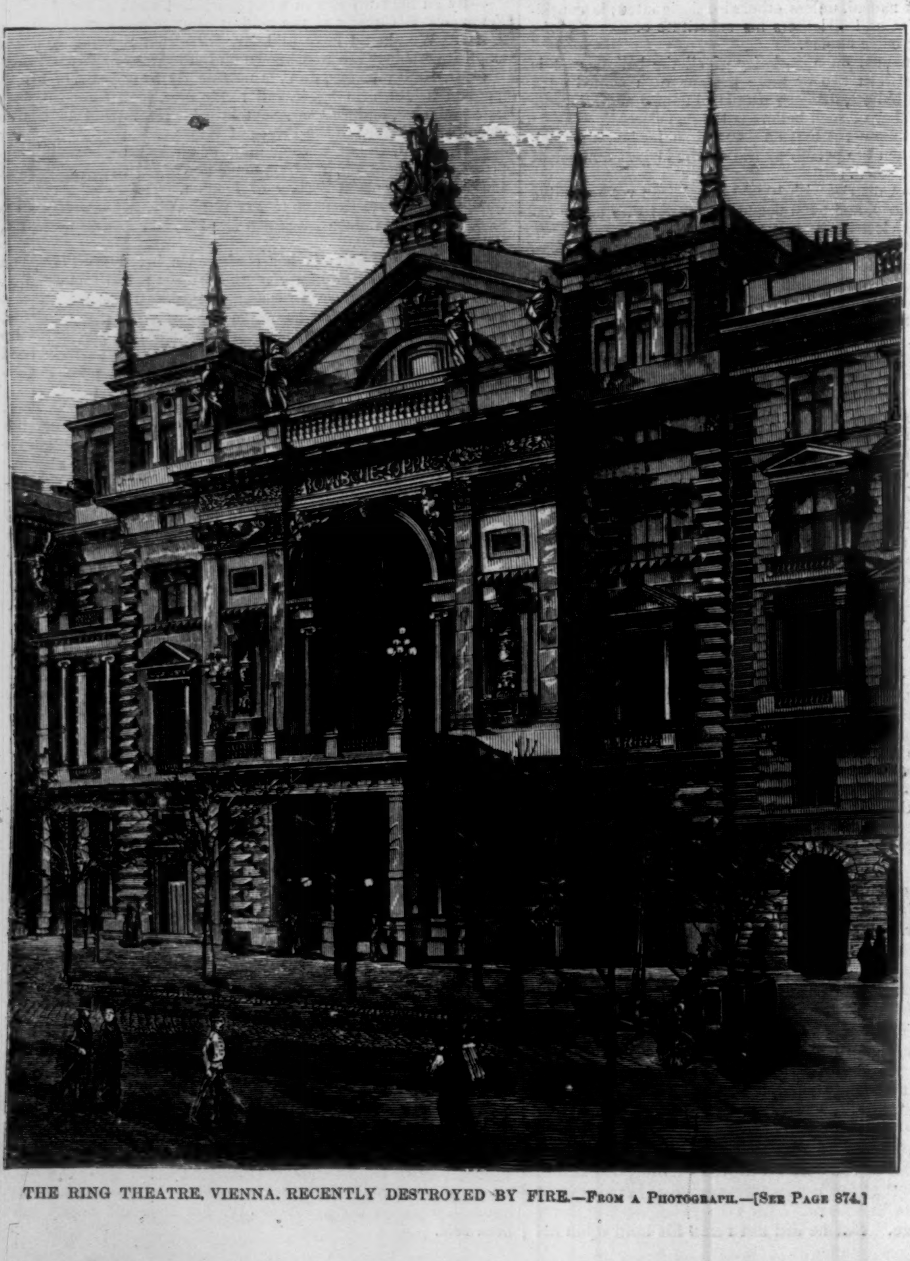


ELECTRIC RAILWAY AT BERLIN, PRUSSIA.

ONE of the most interesting features of the Paris International Electric Exhibition was the electric railroad which conveyed passengers to the building. It was a modification of the system exhibited at Berlin in the exposition of 1879, and employed in the Lichterfeld line, which was opened May 12, 1881. When electricity was first utilized for practical purposes, the cost of generating it was so high that it could only be applied to small, delicate apparatus requiring weak currents. But about fourteen years ago the discovery of the dynamo-electric principle placed at man's disposal powerful electric currents at a cost which enables us to transform the experiments of the laboratory into commercial processes. Motion can be converted into electric force, and electric force converted into motion. A steam-engine, or indeed any other mechanical source of power, sets in rapid motion a dynamo-electric machine—which may be roughly described as an iron cylinder surrounded by a coil of copper wire; the current thus produced can be conveyed by wires to any distance, and compelled to display its energy by producing motion. In the first experimental railroad at Berlin, constructed by Messrs. SIEMENS and HOLSKE, the electric current generated by the stationary steam-engine was transmitted to the steel rails on which the locomotive ran; from the rails it passed into the wheels; from the wheels, by means of the axles, it passed into an electric machine placed beneath the floor of the car, and then into the four driving-wheels. But this system was open to many objections: snow and rain enfeebled the currents, and the passage of the car sometimes produced an entire interruption of the electric stream. In consequence of this liability to accident, the latest SIEMENS line, from Charlottenburg to Spandau, has adopted elevated wires as conductors. These wires are suspended on posts beside the track, and from them the fluid is carried by means of wires attached to little pulleys running along the conducting wires through the motor in the car, and then back by the same method.

The car itself has nothing extraordinary in its appearance, the motor is concealed beneath the floor, and the only thing visible is the lever which the driver has in his hand. A touch on this lever, and without noise, without smoke, without apparent effort, the loaded car glides off, driven by invisible force. Another touch on the lever breaks the contact, and the train stops—at least it ought to do so, but on one or two occasions in the Paris exhibition it refused to obey. One day there was heard, amid the scientific calm of the palace, a loud shouting, such as we hear in the streets when a horse is running away. The electric car came into the building at its full speed, all the attendants trying to check it by throwing down in its way railway ties or other obstacles, over which it went bobbing and hopping till it dashed into the ticket office. As it struck the building the conductor snapped, and a flash of genuine lightning lit up the scene.

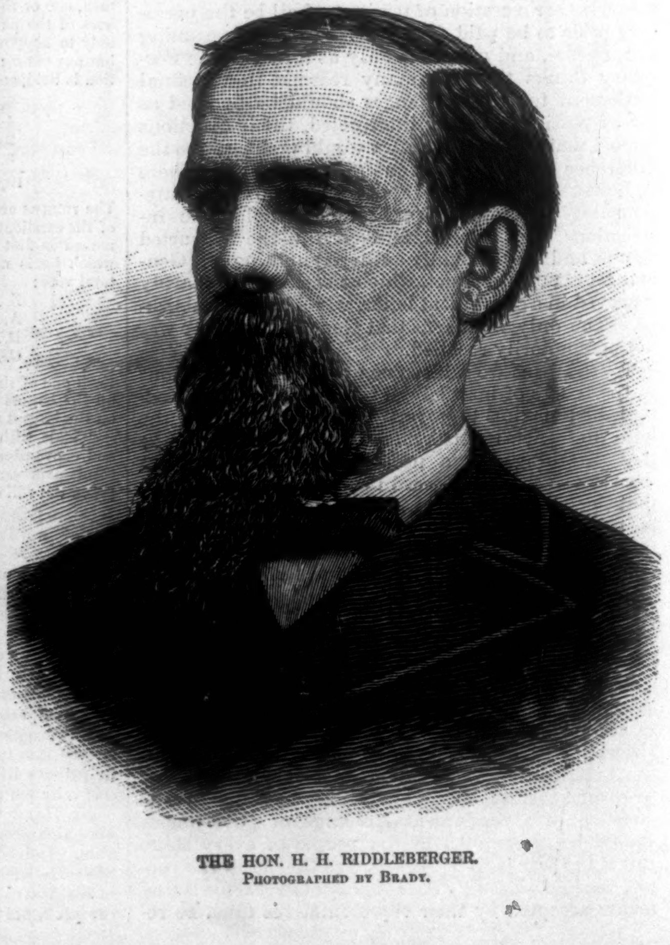
The advantages of electric railroads are numerous. The power-producing machine is in the dépôt, and thus relieves the car from all the load of fuel and water which burdens the steam locomotive. There is no annoying smoke, no deafening noise to frighten horses, and no sparks to get into the eyes of passengers. Like all other great discoveries, or rather like all new applications of great discoveries, many improvements will have to be made. That the system will be gradually perfected we have no doubt. The speed, which at Paris was about six miles an hour, will be increased, and means of arresting the progress of the cars be rendered more certain. For elevated roads the electric motor is an absolute necessity, which would dispense with all the noise and nuisance with which we are now afflicted.



THE RING THEATRE, VIENNA. RECENTLY DESTROYED BY FIRE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 874.]

THE HON. H. H. RIDDLEBERGER.

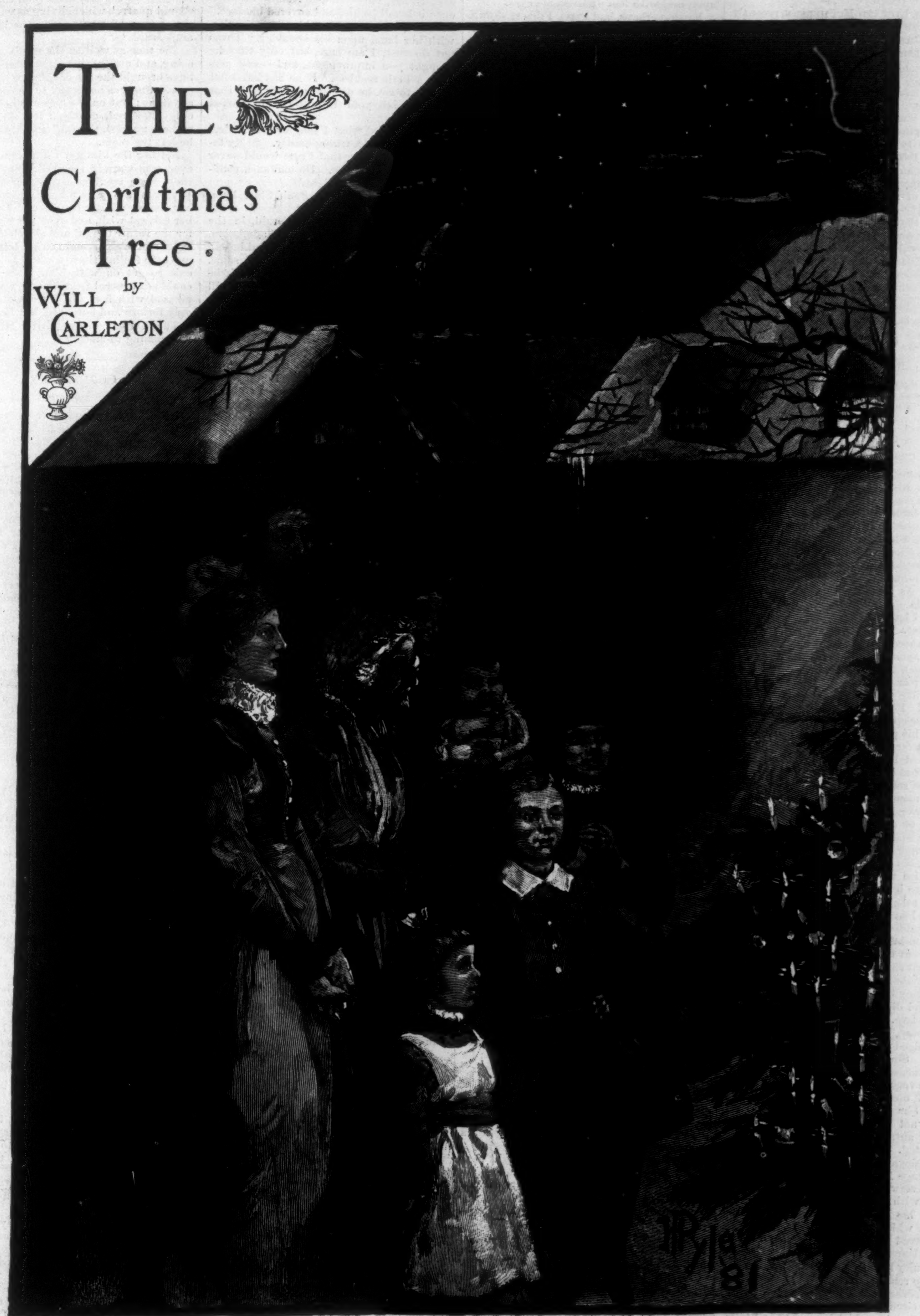
THIS gentleman, nominated for United States Senator by the Anti-Bourbons of Virginia, resides at Woodstock, in the Shenandoah Valley, a stronghold of Democracy known as the Tenth Legion. He publishes a paper in his native town, and is prosecuting attorney for the district in which he lives. He is a tall, splendidly built, athletic-looking man, with a good face which shows courage in every line. A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times* says of him: "He is as warm-hearted and impetuous as most true Southern men. 'The Game-Cock of the Shenandoah' he is called in Virginia, doubtless on account of his pluck and endurance. He has been General MAHONE's right arm in that section of the State, and such a fight as he has made there, where the sentiment of the people is against him, and where the influences and methods of the Democratic party are most powerful, has never been excelled in any political struggle in the history of this country. He is descended from one of the oldest families in the Valley, and has a pedigree equal to the best." Mr. RIDDLEBERGER is about forty years of age, a fine writer, and one of the most effective political speakers of the time.



THE HON. H. H. RIDDLEBERGER.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.

THE Christmas Tree

by WILL CARLETON



WHERE grows the Christmas tree—
    The green, deep-rooted Christmas tree?
By what brave toil, in what rich soil,
    Can spring the blooming Christmas tree?
Is it from prairies broad and deep,
Where future harvests softly sleep,
And flocks of acres, far and free,
Lie level as a waveless sea?
Or is it where a breeze-skein twines
Between the lofty-plumaged pines?
Or where sweet stealthy Languor roves
Among the Southland orange groves?
Or blooms it best 'mid city homes,
With Wealth's unnumbered spires and domes?
Or is it where, through changeful day,
The mountain shadows creep and play,
And swift a gleaming sun-flood rides
Along the tall cliff's dappled sides?
    High grows the Christmas tree,
    The sweet, love-planted Christmas tree—
Where'er extends the hand of friends;
    Wherever heart-caressings be.

    What bears the Christmas tree—
    The bright, rich-fruited Christmas tree?
What gather they, expectant-gay,
    Who throng around the Christmas tree?
Leaves picked by love-instructed art
From off the branches of the heart;
Fruits culled from every tree and vine
Where zephyrs fly and sunbeams shine.
Whate'er can brighten to our gaze
The trembling dawn of childhood days;
Whate'er can feed more clear and high
The flame of youth's expectant eye;
Whate'er can make more richly good
The blood of man or womanhood,
Or bid old age look smiling round
At gems of earth-joy newly found;
Whate'er can say, "While strength endures,
My life has love and help for yours."
    Rich glows the Christmas tree,
    The heart-protected Christmas tree—
With tokens dear that bring more near
    God's earth-lent love to you and me.

THE CLERK OF THE HOUSE.

THE Hon. EDWARD MCPHERSON, recently elected Clerk of the House of Representatives, was born in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, in 1831, and was graduated from Pennsylvania College in 1848. For several years he was engaged in the printing business, and in 1851 became editor of a paper in Harrisburg, continuing in that place until ill health compelled him to turn his attention to agricultural pursuits. In 1858 he was elected to the Thirty-sixth Congress, and was reelected in 1860. In 1863 he was appointed Deputy-Commissioner of Revenue, serving in that capacity until his election to the Clerkship of the House of Representatives in the Thirty-eighth Congress. He was reelected to that position in the two succeeding Congresses. Mr. MCPHERSON has published several political works, including a *Political History of the United States during the Great Rebellion*, political manuals for several years, and other statistical productions.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "FROM EXILE," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "WALTER'S WORD," "WON—NOT WOOED," "WHAT HE COST HER," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

EVERYBODY says that it is better to be good than to be clever, though very few people believe it. A judge the other day, indeed, took off half the punishment he should have inflicted upon a very cruel murderer because he was informed that the man was "by disposition dull and slow"; but that was an exceptional case, arising probably out of his lordship's fellow-feeling with the prisoner. As a rule, it is considered that dull people don't "get on," while clever ones do. I have, however, my doubts upon this subject. The clever ones climb the ladder of success in life with great rapidity, but often as not lose their footing (through slipperiness), and back they tumble heels over head; or they reach the very top even, and then, like vaulting ambition, fall on the other side. Percy Fibbert, for example, was perhaps the cleverest young fellow in Stokeville, but his position just now, as one may guess, was far from enviable. Gerald Lyster, too, had lots of cleverness, though of the kind that is called "cunning"; and yet, as we have seen, he had his apprehensions. For the moment, indeed, it seemed that things were going better with him, and that in hitting on a certain blot in the affairs of the suave and smiling Percy he had, as it were, "struck oil." This, however, was but an oasis in his desert of troubles. If he had been a wise man, or even a dull one, he would have let well alone for a while; but being so astute, he thought that no time should be lost in paying his court to his father's daughter and heiress, especially now he had won her lover over to his side.

So he went up to Clare's room, and knocking with all the sympathy that could be expressed by the knuckles, was admitted. She was standing by the window with her back to him, and did not turn to meet him for a second or two.

"Blubbing," said Gerald to himself.

And indeed Clare was shedding very bitter tears. Since the death of her father she had been conscious of a barrier, or rather—for it was very thin and vague—we will say a film, of obstruction between Percy and herself. She could not forget that her father had not loved him, and she suspected that that antagonistic feeling was at least reciprocated. It seemed just now almost a sort of disloyalty to the dead man's memory to encourage Percy's attentions, and in the late interview she was conscious of having behaved with what he might well consider cruelty. He had not said so, but, on the contrary, which aggravated her remorse, had behaved with admirable self-control and gentleness. He had recognized where the difficulty lay at once, and had addressed himself to remedy it.

He had described to her in his picturesque way the circumstances of the funeral, how many of the shops had been shut in Stokeville—a circumstance that had escaped the observation of the other mourners, no doubt, from the preoccupation of their minds with grief—and how every one had testified by his manner the sense of a loss to the community. Then he had painted, without exaggeration, his own feelings, or rather what he imagined she had conceived them to be: how the knowledge that the dead man had not understood him was a bitter pang to him, now that the time had passed for such understanding, though on his part there had been, he was glad to feel, at least the highest respect and reverence. Indeed, of late (this he put very carefully) he had ventured to hope that Mr. Lyster himself had looked upon him with less unfavorable eyes.

Never, perhaps, had Percy Fibbert shown himself so clever; and yet to the ears of loving regret all this had a false ring in it. Clare involuntarily compared it with the few words her cousin Herbert had whispered to her, hand clasped in hand, when he took leave of her, five minutes before, and the lines of contrast had stood out with painful distinctness.

And yet she loved this man with all her heart.

We call "marvellous" the love that is instinctive, as that of a mother for her child. But how much more marvellous is that which is no instinct, but infatuation—the love of a pure girl for an unworthy object! Clare had cast herself for a moment upon his breast, and returned his kisses, for was he not her betrothed, and all she had to look to in the future? But even of that she had almost repented as of an act of treason. And when, on the other hand, he proffered his caresses, and she had avoided them, she felt that she was cruel and unkind. Percy did not put it in that quiet way himself, though he thought himself badly treated. He had no "patience" with the grief that interfered with his tender attentions; thought it "infernal rubbish," and that more than enough had been already sacrificed on the altar of filial sentiment. The provisions of the dead man's will had been satisfactory to him; but he had looked for nothing less, and he had a strong conviction that his uncle would look for something more. If Mr. Lyster's property, apart from what he had in the mill, should prove to be nothing, or even, as was quite possible, a minus quantity, Sir Peter would be far from satisfied. It was expedient on that account that matters should be arranged for his marriage as speedily as possible; and still more expedient inasmuch as a jealous woman to whom he had not behaved fairly was bent on putting every obstacle in the way. This last fact, it was true, was his trump card with Clare, and in an indirect way he continued to play it. But, to his bitter disappointment, it had not the same effect as on the previous occasion. Sir Peter, and even Mildred, might do their worst, said Clare (or as much as said), but for the present she for her part could not think of marriage, and it was plain that at that time it distressed and pained her to speak about it.

No wonder, then, that Mr. Percy Fibbert, with so many irons in the fire, but thus compelled to inactivity and suspense, should have resented it; and though he left the boudoir of his lady-love with the gravest and tenderest of smiles, should have stood outside with a frown on his face (as an angry cat waits for her tail to go down before she can pass under some grating) for his rage to subside before he showed himself to society.

From first to last, however, the astute Percy had never said one word about Clare's money.

Now Gerald, though, as we have said, astute in his way, was quite unable to steer clear of that important topic; he took it for granted that both Herbert and Percy had been full of it; and his first words on entering his sister's room were,

"Well, Clare, I congratulate you—most heartily congratulate you."

She turned from the window with astonishment on her pale and tearful face.

"Congratulate me, Gerald?" She scarcely thought she could have heard aright; he must surely have meant condolence.

"Well, yes, dear; of course, though you expected it—or at least we all did." It was bad for Gerald, as a habitual liar, that he had a very short memory. "But I am so glad that your hopes—and, indeed, my hopes—are confirmed."

For the moment she really thought that this unhappy boy, instead of having all his wits about him, and the steadiest possible eye to the main chance, was in liquor.

"I mean, of course," he added, very cheerfully—for it suddenly struck him that he might, after all, be the first bearer of the good tidings to her—"I mean that my father has made you his heiress."

Luckily for Gerald the material significance of this information, and consequently the motive that prompted it, was not the first thing that struck Clare; the news was to her only a fresh proof of the dead man's love, and it utterly overcame her.

"Don't cry, dear Clare, don't cry; be sure I am not here to reproach my father."

"Reproach him, Gerald?" If a glass of water had been chucked in her face, as Gerald afterward observed, it could not have brought her more speedily to herself. "Why should you reproach him?"

"Of course not; there is no sort of reason why; and though, as I told you, I was led to imagine that matters would have been very differently arranged, I am not at all jealous—though perhaps just a little disappointed. I have not behaved as I ought to have done, I know; I did give him reason to distrust me; but—but—" And Gerald took out his handkerchief and covered his face.

"My poor Gerald," said Clare, kindly, with her hand upon his shoulder, "it was not distrust, I am sure, but only that he thought you improvident, and—and perhaps a little reckless. If he has left what he had to me, he did so knowing well that I should see your interests were looked after."

"That is just what I told Mr. Oldcastle," exclaimed Gerald, triumphantly. "'My father knew,' said I, 'that Clare would never let me be the sufferer. He had such confidence in her sense of right.'"

"I hope so, dear Gerald," said Clare, humbly.

"And Percy," continued Gerald, in the tone of one who makes a candid admission, "though he has not always shown himself friendly to me, I must say says the same. When he talks to you about it, Clare, if he has not already done so, I am sure you will find that he takes my side—the side of justice. That I should be left penniless and you an heiress would, he allows, be very hard, if it was not, as Mr. Oldcastle would say, for the intention of the testator. The mere words of the will are nothing when we know what he really meant. I do not ask, of course, that we should share and share alike, as we should have done if things had been the other way, but some suitable arrangement—something of the same kind—Percy thinks, should be entered into for my benefit."

"I think you may trust me," said Clare, faintly smiling. "I don't want even Percy to advise me as to right or wrong."

"No, nor Herbert either," said Gerald, quickly, for, next to making sure of our friends, it is as well to provide against our enemies. "Herbert has always done his best to worm himself into my father's good graces, and set him against me."

"Oh, Gerald! Gerald! don't say that; Herbert is justice itself."

"Well, you'll see. He'll be the very man to oppose my getting my rights. It was he, I know, who suggested that I should not have a lump sum. That's down in the will."

"But, my dear Gerald, what can a boy like you want at present with a lump sum, which I suppose means a large sum of ready money. If you have any debts, of course they shall be paid."

There was a moment when, taking note of Clare's gentle looks and tender clasp of her hand in his, he had a mind to tell her all. How he had clandestinely contracted a disgraceful marriage; how something was on its way toward life which would be a life-long burden to him; how he had lost money, as well as spent it, which was not his own. But his habitual cunning restrained him.

"Well, of course I have debts," he said, doggedly. "I have expenses too, as every young fellow has—as a fellow, I mean, in my position"—for he saw he was making a bad impression—"has a right to have."

"I will consult with Mr. Oldcastle, Gerald," said Clare, earnestly, "and everything shall be managed for the best. Pray, pray believe that I have nothing but your good, the good of my dear father's son, at heart."

"I had rather you consulted with Percy, for he's a young fellow himself, and knows. Mr. Oldcastle is an old fogy, and a skinflint besides. He would suggest, perhaps, three hundred a year."

In Clare's eyes three hundred a year for a young gentleman who was hardly nineteen, and lived at home, seemed a very sufficient allowance; but she only observed with a sigh, "All that shall be seen to, Gerald, but I must take the advice of wiser heads than mine."

"Well, Percy, of course, would be your natural adviser. I am sure I am quite willing to leave everything to his good feeling and sense of justice."

Clare thought it strange that Gerald should exhibit this confidence in Percy, between whom and himself, as he had often said, "there was no love lost"; and it also occurred to her that Mr. Oldcastle, as much the older man, and her father's friend and professional adviser, was the more proper person to consult on such a matter. But as she perceived it would annoy Gerald to say so, she only bowed her head. A sense that she was somehow placed in antagonism to Gerald, or rather that he conceived her to be so, oppressed her, and begat a sense of embarrassment. It was literally a relief to her—such as is hailed by a besieged garrison—that her maid entered the room with "Mr. Oldcastle's compliments, and, if convenient, he would come up stairs and have a few words with her."

"Now," said Gerald, with great earnestness, "you be firm, Clare. The lawyers always go by the letter and not by the spirit; you mustn't let him breed bad blood between us."

"Bad blood!"

"I mean, being a lawyer, nothing would probably please him more than that we two should quarrel, which, living as we do under the same roof, would be to the last degree unpleasant."

The tone as well as the words were menacing, and under other circumstances would have brought the fire of defiance into Clare's eyes. She was not a girl to be coerced into anything; but on the present occasion she only answered, gently, "It takes two to make a quarrel, Gerald," and kissed him as he left the room.

Neither the kiss nor the assurance, however, was warmly received. She felt that there were troubles coming of a different sort from those which had hitherto befallen her, and in addition to them. It had been her earnest wish, and even her prayer, that for the future Gerald and she should live as sister and brother ought to do; but she could not help feeling that it would be very difficult to get on with him. Percy, too, she could not conceal from herself, was far from pleased with her. In a word, she felt not only forlorn and bereaved, but isolated.

Thank Heaven, good little Miss Darrell was coming to-morrow!

CHAPTER XXI.

NANNIE.

MISS ANNIE DARRELL (commonly called Nannie by her intimate friends) was a little lady of fifty or thereabouts, who, thanks to early troubles and later cares, looked in some respects a hundred. Her face was deeply lined, her hair was white as snow, and she had only a few ounces of flesh on her bones, impartially distributed. But her manner was cheerful and even airy, her eyes bright and bird-like, and her heart was young. I should rather say it was rejuvenescent, for a sort of Indian summer (except that it was to last), had befallen it. As a pupil-teacher she had tasted very few of the delights of youth; her friendship with Clare's mother had been the one bright feature of that dreary existence; as a governess she had had a still harder time of it; and as a school-mistress who never shirked her duty she had been worn, as she herself expressed it, to fiddle-strings. But competence and leisure had come at last to her; and, what, alas, seldom happens, not too late. Unlike the birds, she sang in the winter instead of the spring. Her experience was, for one of her sex, large and varied; life had no longer any illusions for her (indeed, poor soul, it never had had any), but she found it enjoyable. Though her face was wrinkled, it had the delicate complexion of a child, which, combined with the fragility of her form and the diminutiveness of her stature, gave her the look of a figure in Dresden china.

"How good of you to come!" whispered Clare, after a long embrace.

"Good of me! It is the sort of goodness most easily practiced—the doing what one likes best. What could be so pleasant to me as to come to you? Only if you cry I shall go away again. You know I never could stand tears."

She had seen a good deal of them in her time, nevertheless; and if she herself, thanks to the necessity of self-control, had shed but few, it was not because she had not had plenty to cry about.

"I can not help it, Nannie. I was thinking of the last time you were here."

"When your dear papa was alive. I understand all that. Do you think, however, he would wish you to weep like that? That is surely the great point now—how you can best fulfill his wishes."

"It is, indeed," sighed Clare, thinking of many things: of what Mr. Oldcastle had impressed upon her with respect to Gerald; of what Gerald himself had said to her; and chiefly of her lover.

Miss Darrell at once understood that there was a difficulty somewhere, and shifted her ground.

"It is easy to see from your eyes, my poor darling, that your debt of sorrow has been overpaid. Yet your father was a good man."

"The best of men," answered Clare, fervently.

"Then it is certain he is in heaven." She was about to add, "with your sainted mother," but the remembrance of his second marriage, suggesting a plurality of sainted wives, restrained her. "And if in heaven, why should you weep? Such behavior is not only illogical, for it is impossible you can grudge him his eternal happiness, but unfits you for your earthly duties. How can you consider what is best to be done for others—which is what we are given brains for—when your thoughts are fixed upon one for whom you can do nothing, except, of course, carrying out his wishes."

"But that is the difficulty, Nannie."

"Tears, however, will only render you less fit to cope with it."

There was a touch of the school-mistress in her tone, which was not inopportune. Clare was just now not only in need of a councillor, but even to some extent of a dictator.

Before an hour had passed, Miss Darrell was in full possession of the circumstances in which her young friend was placed as regarded Gerald, and had learned more, perhaps, than Clare was aware of, or had intended she should, of her relations with Percy.

"I must look at things for a little with my own eyes," was the old lady's conclusion, "before giving you any definite opinion. But I think you may trust to me, at all events, as to business matters."

If Miss Darrell had a weakness, it was the conviction that she was a "woman of business," and it must be allowed that she had some cause for it. As a general rule I have noticed that the ladies who have acquired this reputation derive it from their lawyers, and that it is conferred on account of the number of letters the said clients write to them, each of which demands a reply—price six and eightpence. Miss Darrell had had little or nothing to do with lawyers; but she had a very accurate knowledge of finances, and a consciousness of the value of money, which to persons of sentiment would perhaps have seemed incompatible with a generous and simple nature. She would have given the very shawl off her back, in the bitterest of winter weather, to any one she loved, had such a sacrifice been required; but she understood the comfort of clothing, and specially the exceeding discomfort arising from its insufficiency. Her sense of the evils of poverty, quickened by long experience, was in no way dulled by her present prosperity, and, curiously enough, it indirectly led her to be Gerald's apologist. Clare had told her, not in the way of complaint of him, but in explanation of that want of sympathy with her half-brother of which she had accused herself, and deplored, how he had come on the very day of her father's funeral to congratulate her upon being his heiress. "It seemed to me so sadly ill-timed," she said, "and altogether unsuitable, that I am afraid it rather set me against him."

"Then I don't think it should have done so," said the old lady, bluntly. "It is a matter of very great congratulation that you are left independent of all money cares. Every other kind of trouble is healed by time, but those endure forever. It is only those who have not felt it who underrate the pinch of poverty. When sorrow such as yours overtakes us, it seems for the time that nothing else is worth thinking about; but if narrow or insufficient means accompany it, we have soon to think of how to make them go as far as possible, to the uttermost, to stretch what is not elastic. Our sorrow, which seemed something divine and eternal, is then quenched in sordid cares; but it is a very miserable way of getting rid of it. Dear Clare," continued the old woman, speaking with energy, "I had once a free and independent spirit like yourself. Thank Heaven, it has been restored to me; but I shall never forget what it cost me, and how I lost it. The shifts I have been put to, the wretched scrapings and hoardings, the adding of not house to house and field to field, but of shilling to shilling—these things, not to mention the necessity of holding one's hand when Pity cried, 'Give, give,' are not easily forgotten; but, bitterest of all, and the remembrance of which can never fade, are the slights and contumelies that Poverty compels us to submit to; the hypocrisies it forces upon us; the bated breath, when we should speak out; the bended knee, when we should stand upright; the—"

She stopped suddenly, quivering with emotion. "No matter, dear; all that is past and gone. Where were we? Talking of Gerald—true. Well, I think he was quite right to congratulate you."

"I have forgiven him, I am sure. Indeed, your words have put his own in quite a different light. It was the inopportuneness of the time, I think, that struck me. Percy, for example, never dreamed of alluding to money matters."

"Indeed." The tone of this remark was what wine-merchants term "extra dry." "I suppose it is the privilege of engaged young ladies to know what their lovers dream about."

"I mean," said Clare, with a quick flush, "that Percy has too much good taste and delicacy of mind to have thought of such things at such a time, much less to have talked about them."

"And Herbert?"

"And of course Herbert too. Indeed, at no time does Herbert much concern himself with pecuniary matters. He is consideration and kindness itself, and there is no one—no one—of whom dear papa had a higher opinion."

"He always gave me the impression of being a very sensible young man," said Miss Darrell, quietly. "Though he takes nothing under your father's will, it seems, the continuation of partnership with Sir Peter must be of great advantage to him, since he has money in the business."

"I suppose so; I'm sure I hope so."

"But surely you must know. I understood that the year's profits would be enormous."

"So it is expected; but Mr. Oldcastle took great pains to point out to me that that was but a contingency. I am afraid I did not give him my whole attention, but he hinted that things might possibly go the other way."

"You mean that the firm might have losses instead of gains, for which your father's estate would be responsible."

"Yes; and in that case, as I understood him, there would be very little left for poor Gerald to quarrel about."

"Then there can be nothing but what is in the business—no savings," suggested Miss Darrell, thoughtfully.

"I suppose not; at all events very little, and Mr. Oldcastle even spoke of a deficit. There may be liabilities; he said something about an unlimited company."

"But, my darling, that is most important," put in the lady, earnestly; "it may mean ruin."

"You had better talk to Mr. Oldcastle yourself," said Clare, wearily. "Oh dear! oh dear! this money—it has set Gerald against me already, you see."

"Yes, it's the root of all evil," assented the old lady; "but there's one thing worse, my dear, than money—and that is, the want of it. How's Sir Peter?"

"I believe he is as well as usual," said Clare, coldly.

"Ah! so I should suppose, and in his usual spirits. I should think he was a man who could bear to lose his friends with a great deal of philosophy."

"I don't think Sir Peter was ever a friend of papa, though he was his partner."

"Indeed. That is what seems to me a risk in partnership that is not duly considered. If there is a common bond of sympathy, well and good; indeed, nothing could be more pleasant; but if the bond is only one of interest, it must become very irksome. It is almost as great a lottery as marriage."

"You don't fall in love with your partner, however, before entering with him into business," said Clare, smiling (for the first time for many a day) at the old lady's seriousness.

"No; you do that with your eyes open, which is so far an advantage. I am not speaking of your case, my dear, of course; you have known Percy Fibbert all his life; it is not a matter of love at first sight—taking a house to live in all your life, as it were, without inquiries, just because it looks well from the railroad."

"But I did love Percy at first sight," smiled Clare. "You will forgive me, my dear Nannie, for saying that this is one of the few things you don't understand."

"No doubt, my dear," answered the old lady, simply. "It's a mystery to spinsters. I have never loved anybody till I felt, so to speak, justified in so doing. I like to have something to go upon. Love seems to me like ice, and one ought to try whether it will bear or not before one ventures."

Clare laughed again, and this time quite merrily.

"Love is not at all like ice, I do assure you, Nannie."

"By-the-bye, talking of ice," said the old lady, "how is your friend Mildred?"

Clare's face grew very grave. "She is quite well, I believe: I have not seen much of her lately."

"Ah! she is not one, I should imagine, who agrees with Solomon that it is better to come to the house of mourning than to that of feasting."

"I do not say she has been inattentive, but the fact is, we are not very sympathetic."

"You don't like the same things or the same people."

Clare felt the color glowing in her cheeks, though she would have given worlds to hide it from the other's scrutinizing glance.

"We have not the same tastes in any way," she answered, quietly, "and I don't think Mildred likes me."

"That is unfortunate, since you are going to marry into the family."

"Yes, it is so: one has misfortunes, you see," she added, with a ghost of a smile, "even though one is an heiress."

The old lady nodded and went on with her needle-work (she was always armed with a needle and thread, being constitutionally unable to sit idle for five minutes). Then the conversation grew more desultory, and she refrained from asking any more questions. She had already possessed herself generally of the map of the country with respect to her young friend's affairs. The by-paths, she flattered herself, she should presently discover for herself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JOHN W. FORNEY.

COLONEL JOHN W. FORNEY, who died in Philadelphia on the 9th inst., was for over thirty years a conspicuous figure in the politics and journalism of the United States. In his twentieth year he became proprietor of the Lancaster *Intelligencer*, and from that period to the time of his death was constantly in the editorial harness. His positions as Clerk of the House of Representatives in 1859 and 1860, and Secretary of the Senate during the six years following, did not interrupt his editorial work, which with him was always a passion, but furnished him with abundant material, which he promptly utilized, and which imparted a freshness, interest, and piquancy to his articles. These were read with avidity, and were largely quoted and commented upon by the press of the country. Colonel FORNEY was a man of chivalric character. He was always lending his voice and pen in the promotion of good public measures, and his zeal in advancing the interests of those in whom he took personal interest never faltered nor cooled. Indeed, much of his life was devoted to the service of others. His good offices in behalf of good fellows were proverbial, and his fertility of resource and suggestion was often invaluable. His *Reminiscences of Public Men* is one of the best works of its class that have been published in this country, and worthy of the large sale it has commanded. Socially, Colonel FORNEY was one of the most delightful of men. His long and intimate personal intercourse with those who have been foremost in the political, literary, and journalistic life of the country was not surpassed by that of any other man, and his charm as a *raconteur* made him the most fascinating of companions. The tributes to his abilities and sterling qualities show how universally he was esteemed by the press and by all who knew him.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A STATISTICIAN announces that fourteen out of every twenty men in the United States carry watches. These, it should be borne in mind, are summer figures. In the winter, many persons prefer to hang up their watches and take down their overcoats.

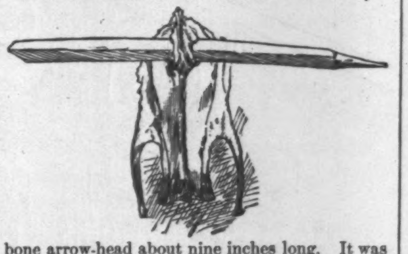
Despite all that has been said about malaria there, it is claimed in Washington that the capital is visited by a larger number of bridal parties this winter than ever before.

A flag was recently seen flying "union down" on a little island in Boston Harbor on which there is only one house, and three steam-tugs answered the signal of distress. They learned that a man wanted to go to the mainland.

A formal charge of "riding a mule and intoxication" has been preferred against one of the Boston militiamen who were accused of improper conduct in Richmond on their way from the Yorktown celebration. The charge falls to the ground: no intoxicated man can ride a mule.

It is written of Governor Crittenden, of Missouri, that in his compassion for convicts in the penitentiary he often gives them light employment as servants in the Executive Mansion. Not long ago the wife and daughter of a St. Louis Police Commissioner, while visiting the Governor's family, were robbed of their baggage, and it is hinted that the next Executive Message will not strongly advocate the utilizing of convict labor.

A correspondent at Crown Point, Indiana, sends us the accompanying singular specimen. A farmer of that place recently shot a wild-goose, the breast-bone of which had been transfixed by a bone arrow-head about nine inches long. It was firmly fixed in the bird's breast, and had evidently been a long time in that position. Some Indian hunter had just missed bagging his game, and furnished a curious specimen for some white collector.



Strange that a Nebraska couple should have been the first to be married by telephone, when there are so many foolish young persons in the East, where the telephone is old.

An Ohio astronomer announced not long ago that in consequence of a change in the parallelism of the earth's axis of rotation, which occurred in the course of a superior planetary conjunction on October 11, 1877, the United States is now in the torrid zone; that the mean annual temperature had already increased eight degrees in consequence of the change; that two years hence the temperature will average 60° Fahr., and that in 1890 this country will be broiling under "the full blaze of an unclouded equatorial sun." There may be room for doubt as to the accuracy of the astronomer's information concerning the present location of the zone limits; but the fact remains that no ice has been cut this season hereabouts, and ice-men are getting ready to charge a dollar a week for daily chunks large enough to melt into a discernible puddle on the basement stairs.

Boston finds a source of pride in the fact that both Governor Long and Mayor Prince write verses. It is not many years since a Lieutenant-Governor of Rhode Island became very conspicuous by writing a poem. The feat was heralded as the first known instance of a Lieutenant-Governor doing anything.

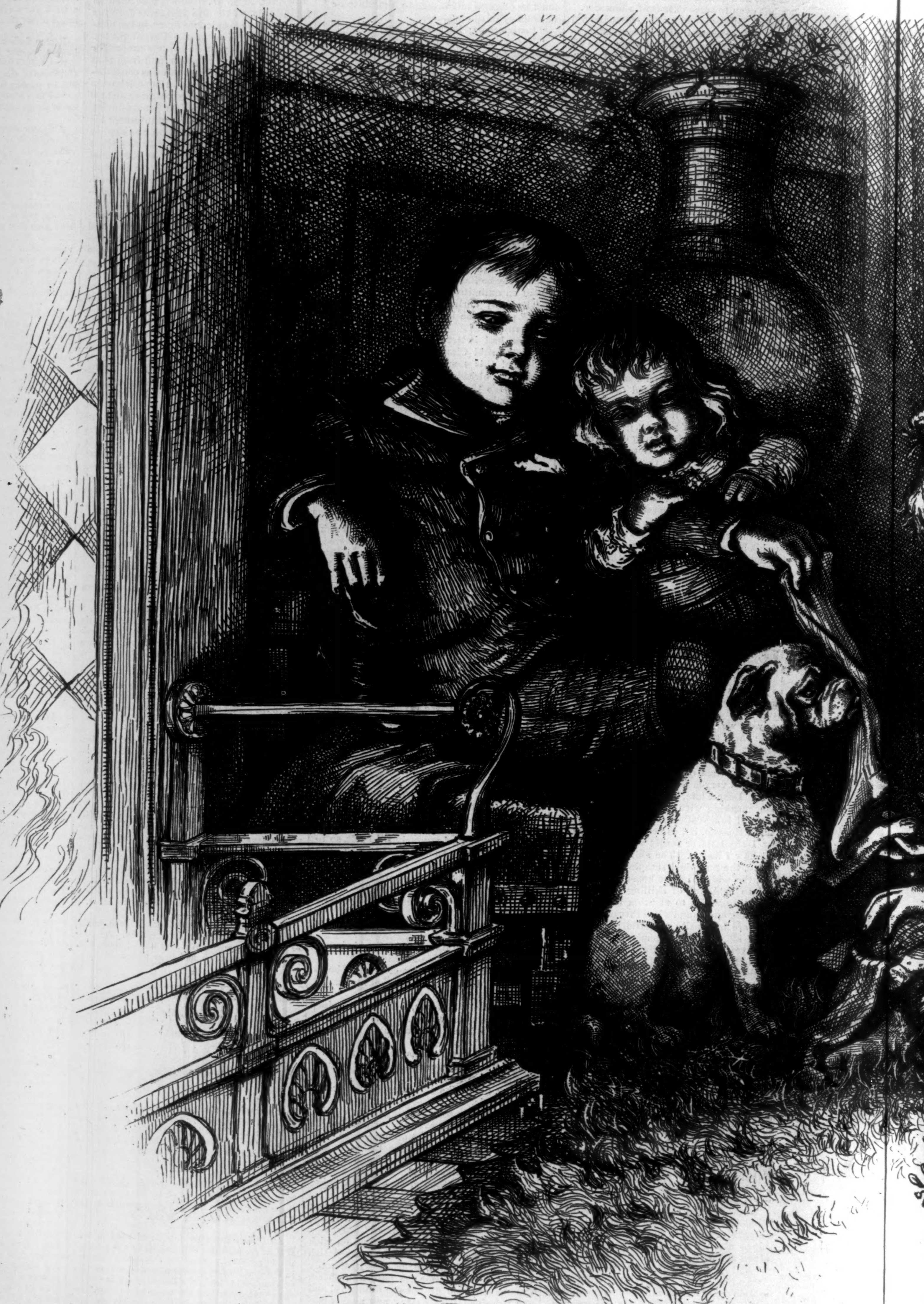
Alligator stories of modest dimensions, but with more or less startling features, are common enough, but it is seldom that a story-teller has that reach of imagination and recklessness of purpose necessary to the production of a yarn like the following, which is found in an inconspicuous part of a Mexican newspaper: "A lake in the rear of Manzanillo burst its confines last month, and poured its waters into the sea. The lake was full of alligators, and the harbor of sharks. When the monsters met, a water battle immediately began, and it was waged for several days in the presence of most of the people of Manzanillo. For a long time victory trembled in the balance, but the sharks finally prevailed, and took dinner on the last of the routed intruders."

The number of women applicants at the White House and the government departments for appointments has been greater of late than ever before. Many of the applicants desire to have charge of post-offices, and a Washington paper says, "It would appear that a movement on the post-offices throughout the country has been inaugurated by the gentler sex." A woman from Kansas applied to be appointed register of a land office in her town.

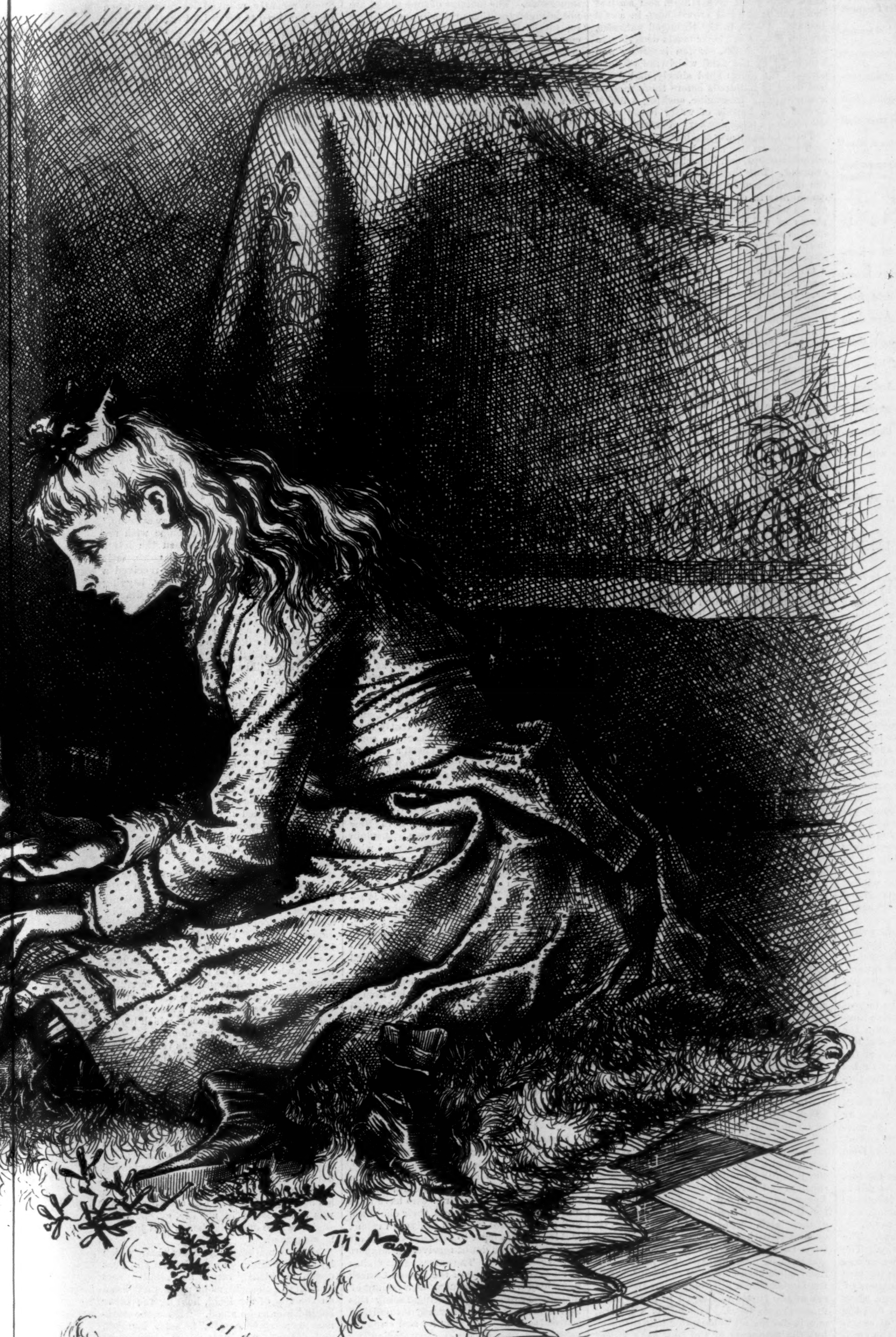
A thief in Pennsylvania stole, among other fowls, a hen that had been taught to sing. She sang for her rightful owner in court, and the thief was convicted and sentenced.

From observations, more or less close, upon Americans who travel in Europe, the London *World* generalizes as to the American people. It has discovered that the ways of the man of wealth who journeys from the far West to England are copied by inferior Englishmen, and it accounts for the implied admiration on the hypothesis that the self-made Westerner is the only original man the inferior Englishman has ever met. "Thus," the *World* continues, "while the higher class of Americans sedulously copy everything English, their inferiors are copied by 'Arry and Charley when they go abroad." The *World* is at liberty, in drawing its own dividing lines as to the people of the United States, to designate as the "higher classes" those who copy everything that is English. There is such a class here, and they afford some amusement to those who knew them before their imitative talents raised them to positions among the "higher classes."

When a tenement-house falls, and some of the poor persons whose homes were in it are taken dead or maimed from the pile of crumbling bricks and worm-eaten timbers, the attention of the more favored is momentarily turned toward the conditions under which half of their fellow-beings in this big city live. From their solicitude for the welfare of the half-million or more of New York's poor arises a sentiment demanding that somebody shall see to it that the falling of walls does not become a frequent occurrence. Many of those from whom this sentiment goes forth would even give money, if that were necessary, to prevent the falling of walls within which rooms are rented to the poor at rates that would pay for the building of new walls once in a score of years. But that is not necessary; it is a long time before another tenement-house collapses; and meanwhile the favored half of New York's million souls seems to have forgotten about the welfare of the other fraction. Yet among the hundreds of thousands who are living here in poverty and squalor are many who, when they go from their work to the places they call home, are almost ready to pray that the walls may fall in upon them and end the life they are living. But prison walls do not fall. These people among us do not die victims of calamities that appall; they continue to live victims of conditions that seem far less powerful to attract compassion than is the spiritual condition of the robust and unclad South African, or his unconverted cousins in other remote lands. These persons are as surely doomed to live in the crowded and unhealthy tenements where they now have their homes, until an intelligent and practical philanthropy comes to their rescue, as they would be if the doors and windows were grated and guarded lest they should escape. It is beyond the possibilities of economy for many of them to better their condition unaided. Yet what they need is not charity in the ordinary acceptance of the term, but that other kind of charity, that would build houses and rent them to the poor at rates that would make the good work self-supporting. Then they would soon be able to save the little money that they must have before they can liberate themselves from the exactions of greedy landlords and the clutches of the small dealers who supply them with food and fuel. Such a charity is contemplated by a Jewish society that was incorporated in this city only a few weeks ago; and its plan for doing good indicates a better knowledge of the needs of the poor of New York, and gives better promise of success, than any other in the city. Every one who knows anything of the life of the hundreds of thousands who live in the great tenement districts of the metropolis will hope that this work will succeed so well that it will be the beginning of a general philanthropic movement in the same direction.



CHRISTMAS FANCIES—"DON'T YOU WISH



WISH YOU WORE STOCKINGS?"

BLESSED PROMISES.

WHERE are the violets, where are the daisies,
And all their pretty sister flowers who fragrant court were keeping
A few short months ago? They have hid among the grasses,
And over them the winter wind the winter snow is heaping.
Where are the birds that sung from green sun-brightened branches?
In search of warmer climes they've gone, from cold and frost a-flying.
Where are the leaves that decked the trees that throng the forests?
Blown here, blown there, by cruel blasts, alas! they're dead or dying.
But ring, bells, merrily! it is the Christmas-day,
When, rememb'ring blessèd promises, sad hearts forget their pain,
And say, "Returning spring
Will bring the birds to sing,
And leaves and flowers sleeping now will wake to life again."

Where was the Christ-Child born? In a humble stable,
Where sweet-breathed kine, their great brown eyes in wonder turning slowly
Upon the stranger-guests, beheld a light from heaven shining
Above their heads, and straightway knew them holiest of the holy.
A palace was that lowly place, and angels there assembled
To loudly sing triumphant songs of love and peace and glory,
And bow before that manger-throne. And many, many ages
Shall ev'ry Christmas-day repeat the sweet and wond'rous story.
Then ring, bells, merrily! it is the Christmas-day,
When came most blessèd promises with our dear Saviour's birth,
Of sins to be forgiven,
Of precious guides to heaven,
Of hope of life beyond the skies to all who dwell on earth.

THE BURNING OF THE VIENNA THEATRE.

ON Sunday, the 11th of November, twenty thousand people gathered in the Friedhof, the great Viennese cemetery, some four miles from the Austrian capital. This assemblage thronged the avenues leading to and the space surrounding a vast pit with three openings, into which were lowered the charred and torn remains of one hundred and fifty-one bodies taken from the blackened ruins of the Ring Theatre, burned on Thursday, the 8th. Over the fragments of the unrecognizable human forms Roman and Greek Catholic priests, Jewish rabbis, and Protestant clergymen joined in the burial rites, laying aside their jealousies and their fear of each other in the presence of an awful calamity, for which all religions are severely taxed to furnish consolation or patience. These ceremonies, attended by the court and high officials in mourning, were continued until the last of some one thousand victims were laid beneath the bare December sod.

Meanwhile in the vast Ringstrasse, before the ruins of the theatre, a surging crowd thrice as large muttered imprecations on the police and the government for the wicked neglect that had brought this unparalleled disaster, and the paternal rulers of Vienna, with every soldier in the great barracks under arms, trembled at the responsibility they had incurred. The day before, they displayed their disciplinary powers by suspending a newspaper, the *Wiener Algemeine Zeitung*, which had dared to tell the truth regarding this horrible event. And what was the truth? The Ring Theatre was the largest in Vienna. It would seat twenty-five hundred persons. Its passages, even from the lobby to the parquet, were narrow and tortuous, so much so that Mr. BROWN, of the famous firm of bankers, coming with his family from the matinée on the day the theatre was burned, swore he would never again trust himself or his children in such a death trap. The upper galleries were reached by still narrower winding stairways. The safety doors opened inward, and were locked. The windows were twenty feet or more from the ground, with no escapes. On the stage there were several precautions against fire. There was an iron curtain to be let down, butts to discharge water freely, a telegraph alarm to the nearest engine station, and men, nominally firemen, to attend to all.

But these safeguards were useless. The firemen, mere stage hands, ran away. The iron curtain was not lowered; the water was not turned on; the alarm was either broken or forgotten. There were numbers of attachés of the theatre on the stage when the fire started there. Not a soul had the courage to use one of the means of extinguishing it, or the nerve to warn the audience, who might have escaped. Suddenly a door was opened at the rear; the drop-curtain bellied outward a moment, then parted with the flames, and in a flash the vast auditorium was filled with flame, and the hot air rushed upon the close ranks of the fleeing and panic-stricken multitude. In the labyrinth of passages barriers of fallen human forms were piled breast high, and against them the maddened crowd beat in awful despair. Above, in the thronged galleries, rows of people sat, their heads drooping, in the sleep of death, smitten instantly and hopelessly by the fatal whirlwind of heat. Outside, the alarm sped slowly, and death had come to hundreds before there arrived a single puny fire-engine, sucking a feeble stream from barrels of water borne upon the scene—a mere mockery of rescue.

These facts, clearly established, bear their own comment upon the brutally stupid, ignorant, corrupt, and imbecile Viennese government. But they also add one more to the many solemn warnings which our own community in common with others has received with reference to the safety of most places of public resort. It is but a few months since an opera-house in Nice was burned, and many lives were lost for want of proper exits. It is only a few years since a throng not unlike that of the Friedhof assembled in Greenwood to witness the funeral ceremonies of some three hundred victims torn from the narrow aisles and stairways of the Brooklyn Theatre. Yet Colonel MAPLESON says that nearly all the European theatres are worse than the Ring of Vienna, and that those of London are worse yet. In the mechanical contrivances for safety, and in the arrangement of exits, all our large theatres in New York, and most of our smaller ones, are fairly provided. But in some of the larger cities of the Union the fatal faults of the Brooklyn Theatre are still to be found, while scarcely anywhere is there a competent, constant, and disciplined force of firemen. In this respect London and Paris excel us. There there are to be seen at all times in the principal theatres, on either side of the stage, men whose sole duty it is to watch for fire, and who are prepared to instantly check it. So efficient is this arrangement that Colonel MAPLESON relates that he has seen a prima donna shivering through an air with a stream trickling over her bare shoulders, which she imagined came from a leaky roof, but which really fell from a small hose with which a fireman was putting out a flame that had caught a gauze sky above her head. With such discipline a thousand lives might have been saved at Vienna. Without it, the elaborate precautions were utterly in vain. But all mechanical precautions, and the disciplined fire service as well, are none too much, and should be universally, uniformly, and rigidly enforced.

UNSECTARIAN CHARITIES.

THE success with which the Roman Catholic priesthood have made their way to the control of the public charities of New York is due partly to their zeal, and more to their political influence. Slowly yet steadily they have moved onward to their aim. Their latest is to make their way into the House of Refuge. This institution is one of the oldest and most useful of our public charities. It is wholly non-sectarian. It was founded many years ago by benevolent citizens, to reform young criminals by taking them away from the bad influences of the prison, and bringing them under moral and mental training. It has been singularly successful, and its records show numerous instances of the complete reform of its juvenile criminals, and the gratitude they have felt for the aid it has afforded them. Some of them have risen to great respectability and usefulness; many are laboring in all parts of the land to become virtuous and honored citizens.

To preserve its unsectarian character, the rules of the House of Refuge provide for the admission of ministers of every denomination at such times as are not inconvenient. The chapel is open to all; the sick may be visited; the troubled conscience guided. Every care is taken to give no preference to any religious body. Presbyterians, Methodists, Roman Catholics, are placed upon a perfect equality. But the Roman Catholic priesthood are still dissatisfied. A part of the juvenile criminals belong to that persuasion, and perhaps the larger part. The Roman Catholics now demand admission to the House of Refuge with all the symbols of their faith. They ask that the chapel be decorated with their pictures and images, their ritual and service, the candles, bells, and incense. All their powerful political influence has been employed to force through the Legislature a bill compelling the trustees of the House of Refuge to grant them unusual privileges. The bill is a general one, including all "charitable institutions," but the managers of the New York House of Refuge know its real aim too well. It is to introduce sectarianism into an institution where it has never been tolerated.

The bill passed the Legislature of 1880; it was wisely vetoed by Governor Cornell. He said, with his usual good sense: "To expose these institutions to the caprice of any five citizens would render discipline almost impossible. The inmates of such places are not brought together primarily for religious instruction, but for charitable support and correction." He is opposed to subjecting them "to the rivalries of sectarian bigots." It would seem, in fact, an excess of zeal on the part of the Roman Catholic priesthood to press this claim when they have so many institutions of their own supported by the lavish gifts of the city. They have the Westchester Protectory, which receives nearly $300,000 annually for maintaining Roman Catholic juvenile criminals. It has grown enormously wealthy, and is said to exercise a very important influence on the politics of the country. They have the Roman Catholic Foundling Asylum, founded in 1870 by the chiefs of the "Ring." It was granted at once a donation in land and money of nearly half a million; it receives annually from our oppressed tax-payers about $250,000. They have schools, seminaries of the Sacred Heart, an orphan asylum, immense cathedrals, and Jesuit colleges, all fed by bountiful gifts from the city treasury. They have built on Ward's Island a fine church at a cost of $35,000 to the State; the Protestants have only a dilapidated room to worship in. The Roman Catholics form probably but a third part of the inhabitants of the city, yet they furnish, by their own statements, the majority of the inmates of the House of Refuge, besides filling up their own institutions with a growing host of criminals and paupers.

A denomination that produces so great an excess of juvenile offenders, it is urged, can not be a successful trainer of the young. It would not be safe to give it free play in the House of Refuge, and why should a sect so richly endowed by the city wish to force its rites and ceremonies into almost the last retreat of unsectarian charity? The attempt is imprudent and indelicate. Many intelligent Roman Catholics, it is said, disapprove of the rash zeal of a part of their priesthood. But it is well known that in New York the extreme faction of the priesthood rules; that the teachings of common-sense are often forgotten, and the supremacy of the foreign Church asserted by its indiscreet followers. They are excusable. They are not familiar with American feeling or principles, and the wiser members of their denomination will no doubt at last check their zeal. The politician who yields to their arts is lost, and the stain is one that will never wash out.

A recent instance shows that the Roman Catholic charities are far more costly than the Protestant. About a year ago some benevolent ladies of Westchester County started a Temporary Home, with a view to decreasing the number of pauper children dependent upon the county. The project was opposed by the whole weight of the Roman Catholic Protectory; but it was incorporated under the act of the State of New York framed for such purposes. A plain building was hired; the ladies worked with pen and needle for its support. The institution flourished, and sixty children under its protection are already cared for and provided with homes. Its cheapness is remarkable. The cost of maintaining each child for a year is a little over $98; it receives from the county $80 of this amount; the rest is raised by subscription. An unwise law requires that children supported by the public shall be classified according to their religious creed. The cost of supporting a child for a year in the Roman Catholic Protectory is $129 99, of which the city pays $110; in the new Protestant Home it is only $98 36, of which the county pays $80; and it is said the amount could be easily reduced. But, besides, the Roman Catholic institution retains the children long after they are able to support themselves by their labor, and makes its profit from their earnings. The Protestant sends them out as soon as possible to some useful occupation.

Sectarianism should be banished from our legislation. Our charitable institutions should all resemble the House of Refuge, which knows no sect and inculcates no creed. Its sole aim is to reform and to save. It takes the children who have been abandoned by their parents, their churches, and their natural teachers to lives of crime, and leads them back to honesty. In this it asks, and will no doubt receive, the support of the community. The extravagant claims of an extreme section of the Roman Church have long awakened among us a feeling of dissatisfaction. Will nothing satisfy this active organization? Already its political power is far beyond what its real strength entitles it to. Its rigid organization, its unity and zeal, make it the most powerful of all political "machines." It selects our legislators, judges, officials. It has made our city government almost a sectarian government. It has made it the most extravagant, worthless, and corrupt of all.

In all other countries the tendency of governments is to become unsectarian. Even Spain recently rebuked its bishops when they ventured to assail its liberal measures in the Cortes. In France, at the last sitting of the Deputies, clerical interference in elections was condemned by an immense majority. In Ireland, where the violent measures of a part of its people seem the impulse of savages, a Continental Liberal in the *Contemporary Review* (November, 1881) traces the hand of the ultramontanes. It is their aim, he thinks, to make Ireland an ultramontane stronghold. From Guatemala they have recently been expelled for political misconduct. Everywhere the aim of the liberals—the Protestants and the more intelligent Roman Catholics—is to make governments, schools, charities, and nations wholly unsectarian, to rebuke bigotry, to inculcate harmony and peace.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

A LITTLE DINNER WITH JONES.

WHEN I came up to London two years ago to look for an opening as a medical man, my aunt, Miss Ap-Rees, of Rees Castle, was good enough to give me a letter of introduction to her cousin, Mr. Pwllhyll Jones, of Kensington, who, she assured me, was a most influential man, and might be of great service to me. Moreover, she added that he was very rich, and had an only daughter, who was both beautiful and amiable.

I have a very treacherous memory, and arriving in London, seeing that my aunt's letter was already fully directed in her stiff, old-fashioned hand, I thought I would make sure of not forgetting by sending it off at once. So, taking one of my cards, on which these words were inscribed, "Mr. John Rees, M.R.C.S., Biggwsberis," I wrote under the name, "will have the pleasure of calling on Mr. Pwllhyll Jones on Wednesday evening," and popped it into the envelope with my aunt's letter. Then I dropped the letter into a pillar box, and thanked goodness it was off my mind. Next day I received a most polite note from Mr. Jones, begging me to forego ceremony and come to dine on Wednesday *en famille*.

On the Wednesday I dressed myself with care, and starting at six o'clock, took the under-ground railway to South Kensington. When I arrived there it suddenly occurred to me that I did not remember my friend's address. Stop, though! I had his note in my pocket, and I drew it out and glanced at the top. By Jove! it had neither date nor address. Unpardonable carelessness of Jones, I thought; but what was to be done? It was only a quarter past six, so I had lots of time, and my first idea was to apply to a policeman. I did so. But the man of law only knew one Mr. Jones living in Kensington, and he was a pawnbroker. Clearly this could not be my Mr. Jones, and the officer recommended me to inquire at a cab stand. Thereupon a convocation of cabmen agreed that it must be Mr. Jones of Redclyffe Square. Several offered to drive me there, and I jumped into a hansom.

There was a brass plate on the gate of the house at which we stopped, with "Mr. P. Jones" in large letters. I dismissed my cab and knocked. The door was opened by a funereal-looking man-servant. "Is Mr. Jones at home?" I asked. "Yes, sir," said the man, eying me as an undertaker might his "patient." Then he added, "The gentleman who was to be here at seven, I presume?" I nodded acquiescence cheerfully. "Master expects you, sir," he almost groaned, and then he threw open a side door, and ushered me into a small room which looked like a library, and left me alone.

The chair I sat down in was very comfortable, and I mentally resolved that I would get one some day precisely like it. It had a very sloping back worked by a crank to different angles, and the top of the back spread out into a concave cushion, which exactly supported the head. Presently Mr. Jones entered. I was abashed to perceive that he was in morning dress, whereas I had got myself up, as they say, "regardless of expense." As I rose Mr. Jones extended his hand and squeezed mine impressively. "How are we to-day?" he murmured, with his head on one side. I assured him that I was never better in my life, except for a slight twinge of toothache. "Ah! just so," he remarked.

Then he motioned me to the chair, which he wheeled directly under the gas, and I sat down. Evidently rather an eccentric sort of fellow, I thought, as he put his left hand on the top of my head, holding the other behind him as he stood. "Have the goodness to open your mouth," he said. I smiled, and did so. "A little wider, please." It was getting rather ridiculous, but I remembered my aunt's injunctions to be civil to her cousin, and I opened my mouth to its widest extent. After peering intently into it for some seconds, my host suddenly brought his right hand round from behind his back, and before I could say a word he had got some horrid instrument fixed on one of my favorite molars, and was wrenching away at it like a fiend. This was too much. I struggled. I screamed. At last I managed to shake him off, and there we stood glaring at each other and perspiring. Fortunately I had saved my tooth. It felt loose, but it was still there. I was very indignant. Explanations followed. It seemed he was a dentist, and had an appointment with a patient, for whom he took me. We both apologized, and he begged my acceptance of one of his cards, on which I read, "Mr. Penrhys Jones, Surgeon Dentist." I breathed freely once more as I found myself in the square.

When I had somewhat recovered my equanimity, I looked at my watch, and found it still wanted a quarter to seven. All was not lost, then. Hurrying up Queen's Gate, I found myself in Kensington High Street, and at the corner of a street I perceived a house agent's office. There seemed to be a chance here, and I entered and made inquiries. "Pwllhyll Jones," murmured the agent, reflectively. "You are sure it is Pwllhyll?" he asked. Yes, I replied, I was quite sure of that, anyhow. Then he referred to a book, and said, "There's a P. Jones lives at No. — Holland Road, perhaps that's your man." I said I would try him at any rate.

No. — Holland Road proved to be at the upper extremity of that longest and straightest of streets. The house looked respectable, and I rang the bell. Hardly had my hand touched it when the door was opened cautiously, and the head of a weazened old woman thrust itself out. "You are the doctor, I suppose?" she said, in a hoarse whisper. I replied that my name was Mr.—or, if she liked, "Doctor"—Rees, whereupon she beckoned me in without saying another word, and closed the door. The hall was rather dark, but in the dim light I could make out that the old woman was very pale, and trembling all over. "You had better go up to him," she said; and I became aware of a tremendous noise above us. Then a japanned tea-tray came bounding and rattling down the stairs, whereupon the old woman, with a little shriek, scuttled off hurriedly, and disappeared somewhere at the back, where I heard her lock herself in; and I was left alone in the hall. I didn't like it at all, and had half a mind to let myself quietly out again. But then I thought I might as well see this thing through. So I boldly mounted the stairs. On the landing there were several doors. One was partly open, and a faint light streamed from it. From the inside I could hear a man's voice uttering the most awful imprecations. I feared I might be intruding upon a family quarrel, and therefore coughed loudly to call attention to my presence. There was a sudden cessation of the noise, and presently a man's voice called out, querulously, "Come in, whoever you are." This was not encouraging; but I entered, and to my dismay found I was in a bedroom. A middle-aged man, with a very red face, lay on the bed half dressed, and shaking violently all over. The furniture of the room looked as if somebody had been dancing upon it, and the pillows were lying about the floor. The man glared at me savagely for a moment, and then, shouting, "Oh, here are some more of you!" he hurled the bolster with all his force at my head. I dodged it. "Who the d—— are you?" yelled the man. I endeavored to explain, but before I had got half a dozen words out, my friend, who I saw was suffering under an attack of delirium tremens, was out of bed, and making a sudden spring, pinned me by the throat before I could stir a finger to prevent him. I was nearly choked, but struggled desperately, and at last, by a great effort, succeeded in freeing myself.

Seeing an open door, I dashed through it, and found myself in a small dressing-room, with no other egress than the window. Hastily throwing it open, I sprang on to the sill, and grasping the iron pipe which ran by its side, I descended into the darkness beneath, and came down with a splash into the middle of a huge water-butt. Happily it had not much in it; but I could feel the cold fluid trickling into my thin shoes. There was a wall close by, the top of which I could just reach by standing on the edge of the water-butt. I scrambled up without much difficulty, and dropped down gently on the other side—into the arms of a policeman.

"Now there's no use your kicking," this worthy remarked, as he pinned me roughly by the collar and cuff; "if you don't come along quietly, I'll whip the darbies on to yer in a jiffy." In vain I expostulated, and, all breathless as I was, tried to tell him all about it. He only warned me that whatever I said would be "used agin me," and taking a firm grip, he marched me off, despite my struggles.

At the station I attempted to give a connected narrative of myself, but I do not think the police paid much attention to it. The constable who had effected my capture swore that he had had his eye on me for a long time, and knew me to be a notorious cracksman. He also accused me of being drunk and disorderly. I think I was more indignant about the accusation of drunkenness than the more serious one. I could, of course, prove that I was not a burglar, but it is another thing to convince an opinionated policeman that a man is not drunk. I therefore insisted on the divisional surgeon being sent for to say whether I was sober or not, and rather to my surprise the inspector consented. In the mean time I was thrust into a cell to await the arrival of the medical officer. In a quarter of an hour or so that gentleman made his appearance. To him I recounted my history, and as it proceeded his face, which at first had been somewhat grave, expanded into a broad smile, and at last he sat down on one of the benches, and slapping his thighs, fairly burst into roars of laughter. I felt rather hurt, and I think I told him so. At this he exploded into fresh roars, and at length managed to gasp out, "D—d—don't you see the joke—ho! ho! ho! oh dear! ha! ha! Why, man alive, *I* am Mr. Pwllhyll Jones, and we had been waiting dinner for you a quarter of an hour, when I was sent for to examine an alleged drunkard—ho! ho!"

Of course, after this, I was immediately set at liberty, and accompanied my new-found friend to his comfortable house on Campden Hill, where, after repairing, with my host's assistance, as far as was possible, the damages my wardrobe had sustained, I was taken by him into the drawing-room and presented to his daughter, whom I found "all my [aunt's] fancy painted her," and more. My host being a little man and fat, while I am long and slim, my appearance in some of his garments must, I feel, have been rather absurd; but when once Miss Jones understood the situation, her sweet sympathy with the sufferings I had undergone more than compensated me for the banterings of her papa, who, however, turned out to be a very good fellow indeed, and some time afterward (as my aunt predicted) was of much service to me. Indeed, it was he who helped me to buy the very comfortable practice which I now enjoy in my native town of Biggwsberis. I need not say I thoroughly enjoyed my dinner at last, and it was really not much spoiled, after all, by the unavoidable delay. In fact, I shall always look back with peculiar pleasure to the first little dinner I had "*chez* Jones."

P.S.—Mrs. Rees, who has just read this, says that if I had seen her after I left that evening, screaming, while her papa roared, at my adventures and appearance, I should not lay so much stress on her "sweet sympathy." But no matter.

SHORT AND SWEET.

By MARGARET EYTINGE.

The death of little Miss Jems's mother (she died suddenly one day in early November) revealed the hitherto unsuspected fact that her income—supposed to have been derived from an estate of her late husband's, but now proved to have been the liberal yearly allowance of a wealthy uncle of his—died with her; and little Miss Jems, after the funeral expenses were paid, found herself and her maternal grandmother (a dear old lady, with "a bee in her head," it must be confessed, but a bee that never stung) left to begin the world anew with but a hundred odd dollars and a small houseful of furniture.

Mrs. Jems had been of an easy-going, secretive, apathetic nature, obeying implicitly the command, "Take no thought for to-morrow," and strange as it may appear, had never given even the slightest hint of the real state of affairs to her daughter, who was but three years of age when her father departed this life, and who, by-the-bye, resembled her mother in no respect; and so, as may well be imagined, when the disclosure came, little Miss Jems was much surprised and confounded.

She had been looked upon in her neighborhood quite in the light of an heiress, and had been wooed by "the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker," to speak poetically, and last, but not least by a great deal, by the handsome young builder—just admitted to partnership with his father—who built the row of cottages in one of which the Jemses lived.

I don't mean to say that it was entirely on account of the fortune which it was thought she would inherit that so many came a-wooing the heroine of my story. Oh no, indeed, for her face was a fortune in itself. It was one of those pretty, child-like faces, with limpid hazel eyes, red pouting lips, and pink dimpled cheeks, which one longed to kiss as soon as one saw them, and which everybody who could find the slightest pretense for so doing did kiss as soon after seeing them as possible.

"Just as though I were a baby!" said little Miss Jems one day to her intimate friend Miss Serena Sloo. "And I hate it, and I've almost made up my mind to strike the next person who attempts it." And she stamped her small foot and shook her small fist in such a cunning way that Miss Sloo, who was several years older than she, immediately crushed the pink cheeks between her hands and kissed the pouting lips heartily.

"Serena Sloo," said little Miss Jems, indignantly, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself." And then imagine, in addition to the pretty face, a wee figure, not very slender—on the contrary, delightfully plump—with No. 1 feet and No. 5 hands, and I'm sure you will acknowledge that your "mind's eye" never looked on fairer picture.

"'Oh, she's a daisy!'" sang the butcher's boy while cutting a steak for Aleck Wilmartin, the young builder mentioned above; and so engrossed was he with the, to him, subject of the song that he cut the tough part of the steak twice as thick as he did the tenderloin, and as he handed it to his customer he winked slyly, and said, "Isn't she?"

Aleck frowned upon him, and left the shop in dignified silence, which went to prove that to two persons at least there was but one "daisy" in that vicinity.

Little Miss Jems wept for her mother a month and more, though, to tell the honest truth, their affection for each other had been less strong than usually exists between parent and child; and then she dried her eyes, and sat down in her snug parlor, one bright December afternoon, to consider ways and means for the future.

Grandmamma was there too, in her own particularly easy rocking-chair, humming softly to herself, in the whitest of white caps, adorned with the flutedest of fluted ruffles, with a ball of yarn and a half-finished stocking, which she was rapidly finishing, in her black alpaca lap. And while little Miss Jems was thinking so hard that three wrinkles were plainly discernible on her fair brow, somebody came whistling up the front steps. Miss Jems sprang from her seat, ran to the door, opened it, seized the whistler by the hand, and drew him into the dining-room.

"Grandmamma is in the parlor," she said, "and she knows nothing about the money, and, God willing, she never shall."

"Of course not, my dear," said Aleck Wilmartin, lifting her lightly and seating her upon the dining-table, to her great vexation.

"Take me down. I won't be treated this way, you great rude thing," she cried, crimson with rage. "Take me down this instant." And the way she stamped her foot (she was always stamping her foot about something or other) when once more on the floor, it's a wonder that the heel didn't fly off the dainty slipper. "I want to talk with you as a woman with a man," she continued, "not as a girl chattering to a boy."

Mr. Wilmartin led her with mock solemnity to a chair, and seated himself beside her. "I am all attention. Proceed, Pigeon."

"Pigeon, indeed! That's a fine way to begin! I sha'n't say a word until you behave yourself;" and little Miss Jems turned away and gazed steadily out of the window.

"Miss Jems," said her lover, "I am behaving—upon my word I am. And as you refuse to begin the conversation, I—talking as a man to a woman—assure you that there is not the slightest necessity for making any change in your way of living. This house is mine, therefore it is yours, and as soon as you can make up your mind to let me come and share it with you, the wedding ring will be ready."

"And that's *your* idea of a man's talk to a woman!" said little Miss Jems, with scornful emphasis. "*I* call it a man's-talk to a child—a good-for-nothing, helpless, silly child. And I will *not* live in your house, Mr. Alexander Wilmartin, which is *not* mine. And you shall never put a wedding ring on the finger of a beggar. So there now!"

"Well, upon my word, you *have* got a temper of your own, Pigeon—Miss Jems, I mean," said Aleck, retreating, in affected terror, to the other end of the room, to return in an instant, however. "But, if it be not too presumptuous on my part, may I beg your ladyship to tell me what you *do* intend to do?"

"I shall keep a store, sir—a candy store."

"And eat up all the profits, to say nothing of the stock, yourself?"

"Alexander Wilmartin, once for all, if you will not talk sense, go home."

"Violetta Jems, familiarly known as Pigeon, rather than go home, I promise to talk sense by the hour."

"Well, sir, I shall keep a candy store. I don't know how to do anything else to earn money, and that's easy, 'cause it's mostly pennies that come in—though I *can* make change for a five-dollar bill with a little studying—and as for grandmamma, she's awful smart at figures; and I've found the very store. It's two miles away from here"—catching him by the lapel of his coat, and standing on tiptoe. "I wouldn't start business in this neighborhood for the world—everybody 'd tease so; and there's lots of children there; and I'm going to take it to-morrow; and we'll move in a few days."

"Thank you for asking my advice on the subject, Miss Jems. It was exceedingly kind of you," said the lover, with assumed sternness. "And your grandmother, from whom you are so anxious to conceal your change of circumstances, and who comes from a wholesale family, as she has frequently told me herself, what will she think of this summary proceeding?"

"I shall tell her, Aleck, I am doing it for fun."

"Doing it for fun? Keeping a confectionery on a very limited scale for amusement?"

"Yes," replied little Miss Jems, nodding her head cheerfully, and smiling brightly. "Grandmamma has heard me say over and over again I'd like to keep a candy shop. And I can soon convince her that my happiness depends on starting one at once. It would never do—her head being so queer at times—to let her know I am obliged to do so—"

"Which you are not," interpolated Mr. Wilmartin.

"For if I did, she'd begin, dear old soul, to prepare for the poor-house immediately."

"And when are you going to marry me?" asked Aleck.

"As soon as I have proved that I can support myself: something that every girl as old as I am—seventeen last week—should be able to do."

"And if you should fail?"

"'In the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as fail,'" quoted little Miss Jems.

"You are mistaken; Richelieu was mistaken; there is," persisted the lover—"on the last page of the book."

"Well, then, if I fail, I'll marry you all the same. And now you may kiss me once, and then run away; for since we have decided what is best to be done, I must set about doing it without delay."

"*We* have decided," echoed Mr. Wilmartin; and multiplying one by six, he kissed little Miss Jems accordingly, and rushed around the corner to a half-finished building, before which half a dozen workmen were lounging, "a-waiting for the boss."

And the store was hired and stocked, and the rooms above it furnished with part of the furniture from the cottage—the rest was to remain there until a new tenant took possession—and everything was in apple-pie order when it was opened on Christmas-eve. It had only one window, and not a very large one at that, but little Miss Jems had made the most of it. Cats, dogs, monkeys, elephants, horses, cows, lambs, snakes, lions, tigers—in fact, a whole menagerie of barley-sugar was installed therein, and glowed red and yellow beneath the brilliant gas jet. Sparkling glass jars filled with lemon drops, gum drops, clove drops, and all kinds of drops, and peppermint sticks, cream sticks, birch sticks, and all sorts of sticks, were ranged on the store shelves, and the counter was almost covered with brand-new tin pans containing pea-nut, cocoa-nut, walnut, and cinnamon taffy, and enticing chunks of old-fashioned molasses candy, and from the ceiling hung some wreaths of Christmas green; and taken altogether, with little Miss Jems in a large snowy white apron behind the money drawer, it would have been hard to have found a more attractive small establishment for sweets anywhere. And grandmamma, seeing the great delight of her heart's treasure, was proportionally delighted, and softly murmured to herself, every five minutes, "She shall play it as long as she wants to, the dearie, and I'll help her."

But just as little Miss Jems was serving her first customer—a very small boy, who bought, after long deliberation, a camel and a chicken—a carriage stopped before the door, and a handsomely dressed lady descended from it, and entered the store in great haste.

"Are you Miss Jems?" she asked.

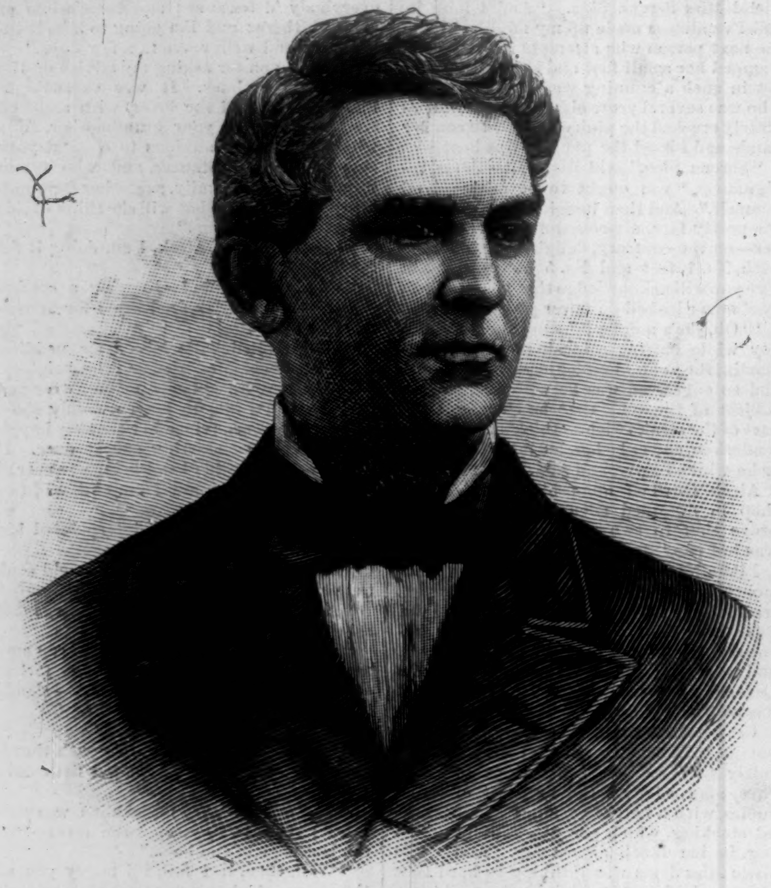
"I am," replied Miss Jems.

"I'm glad to hear it, for a nice time I've had looking for you. Your father's uncle—the gentleman from whom your mother used to receive a yearly allowance—is in the city, and wishes to see you immediately, as he will be obliged to leave again to-night. I am his step-daughter. Please come at once. You will not be detained for more than an hour."

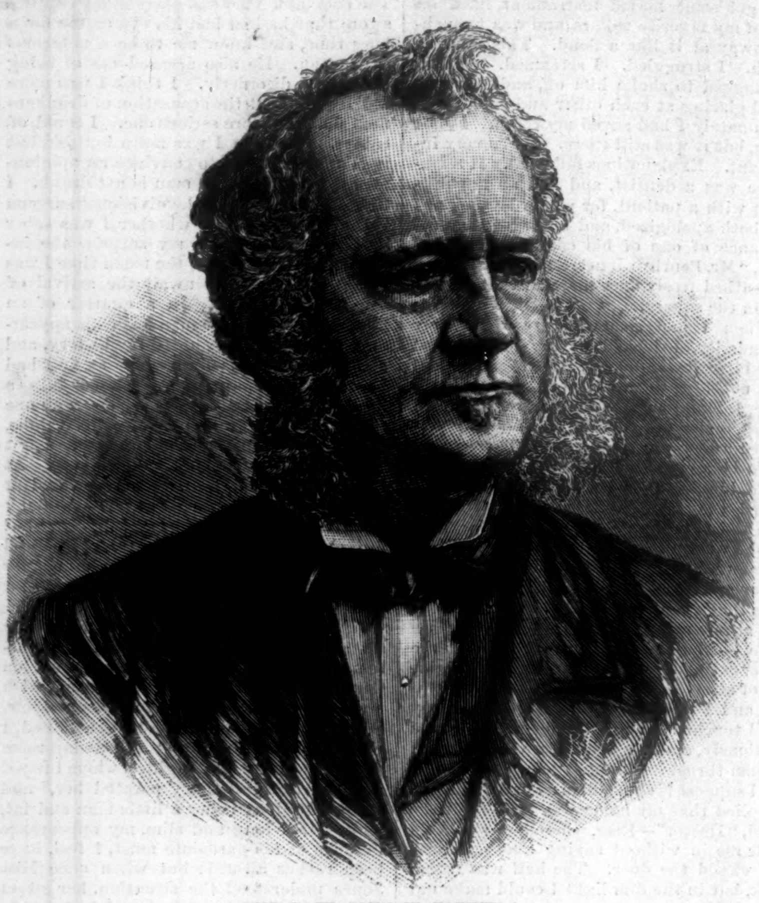
Little Miss Jems stared helplessly at her visitor a moment, then she stared helplessly around her, then she collected her scattered senses, and called, "Grandmamma!" The old lady came out of the back room. "I must go away, granny dear, for a little while," she said. "Do you think you can take care of the store until I come back?"

"I am sure I can," said grandmamma, proudly.

And dropping the white apron and don-



THE HON. FREDERICK T. FRELINGHUYSEN, SECRETARY OF STATE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY STERRY.—[SEE PAGE 866.]



THE LATE JOHN W. FORNEY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUTEKUNST.—[SEE PAGE 871.]

ning her cloak and hat, away went little Miss Jems with the step-daughter of her father's uncle.

It was two hours before she got back, and when she stepped from the carriage a crowd of children, evidently in the very highest glee, laughing and singing and shouting, their hands full of paper parcels, came pouring out of the little shop. She glanced in the window as she opened the door; not one animal of the whole menagerie remained. She looked at the shelves when she entered; the glass jars, less sparkling than when she left, were empty. Her eyes fell to the counter; not a bit of taffy or old-fashioned molasses candy clung to the pans.

"Why, grandmamma," she cried, her whole face beaming with satisfaction, "what a business you have done, to be sure! The money drawer must be nearly full. And I don't believe you ever sold anything in all your life before."

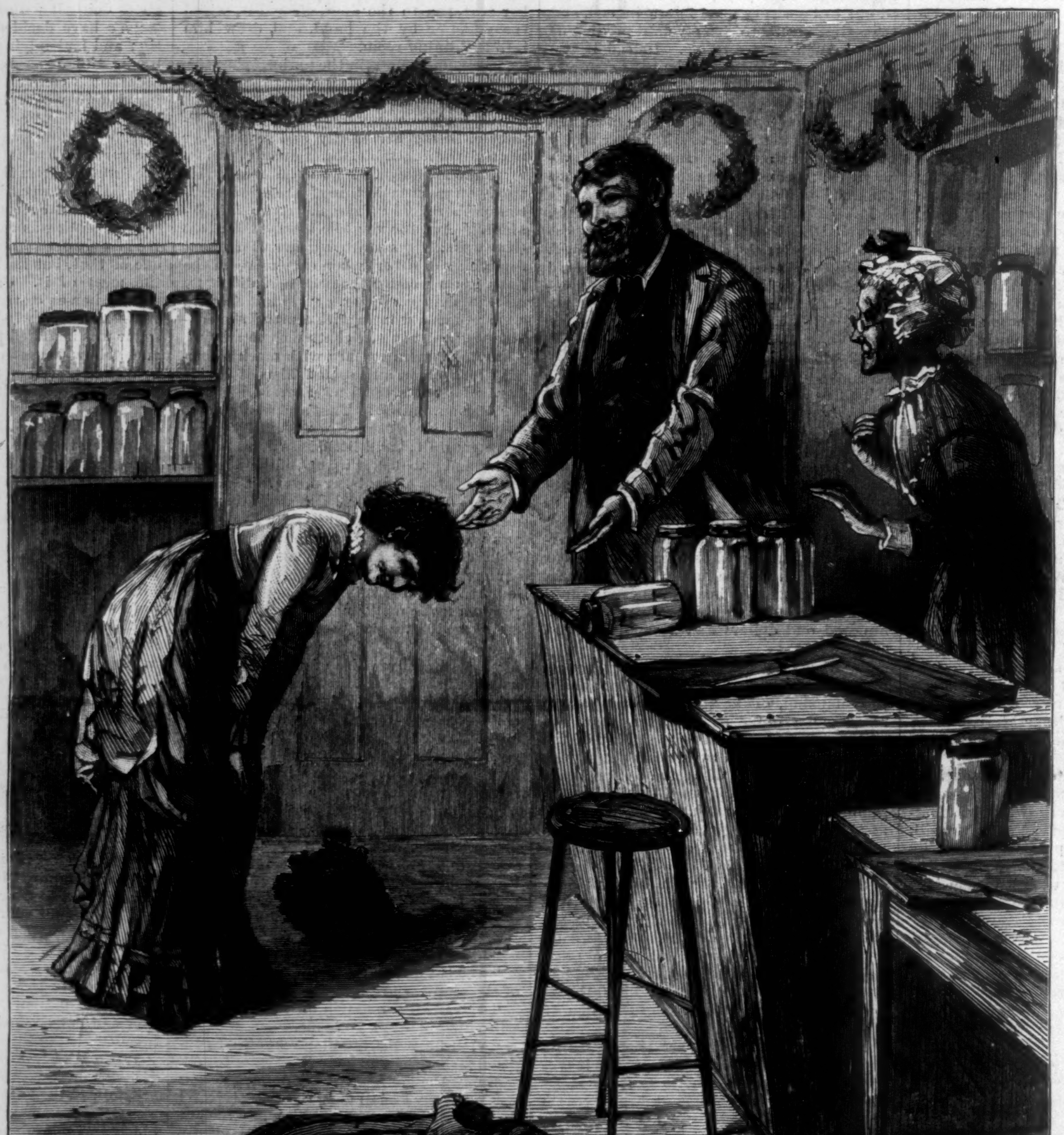
"Sold?" repeated the dear old lady, her smile of welcome fading. "Were the things to be sold on Christmas-eve, my dearie, when we're only keeping store for fun? I hadn't it in my heart to take the little ones' pennies. 'Merry Christmas,' says they, so prettily; and 'Help yourselves,' says I. And I never see such a lot of children as did help themselves in all my life before."

"Goodness gracious sakes alive!" exclaimed little Miss Jems; "what *shall* I do now? I haven't another dollar in all the wide world!"

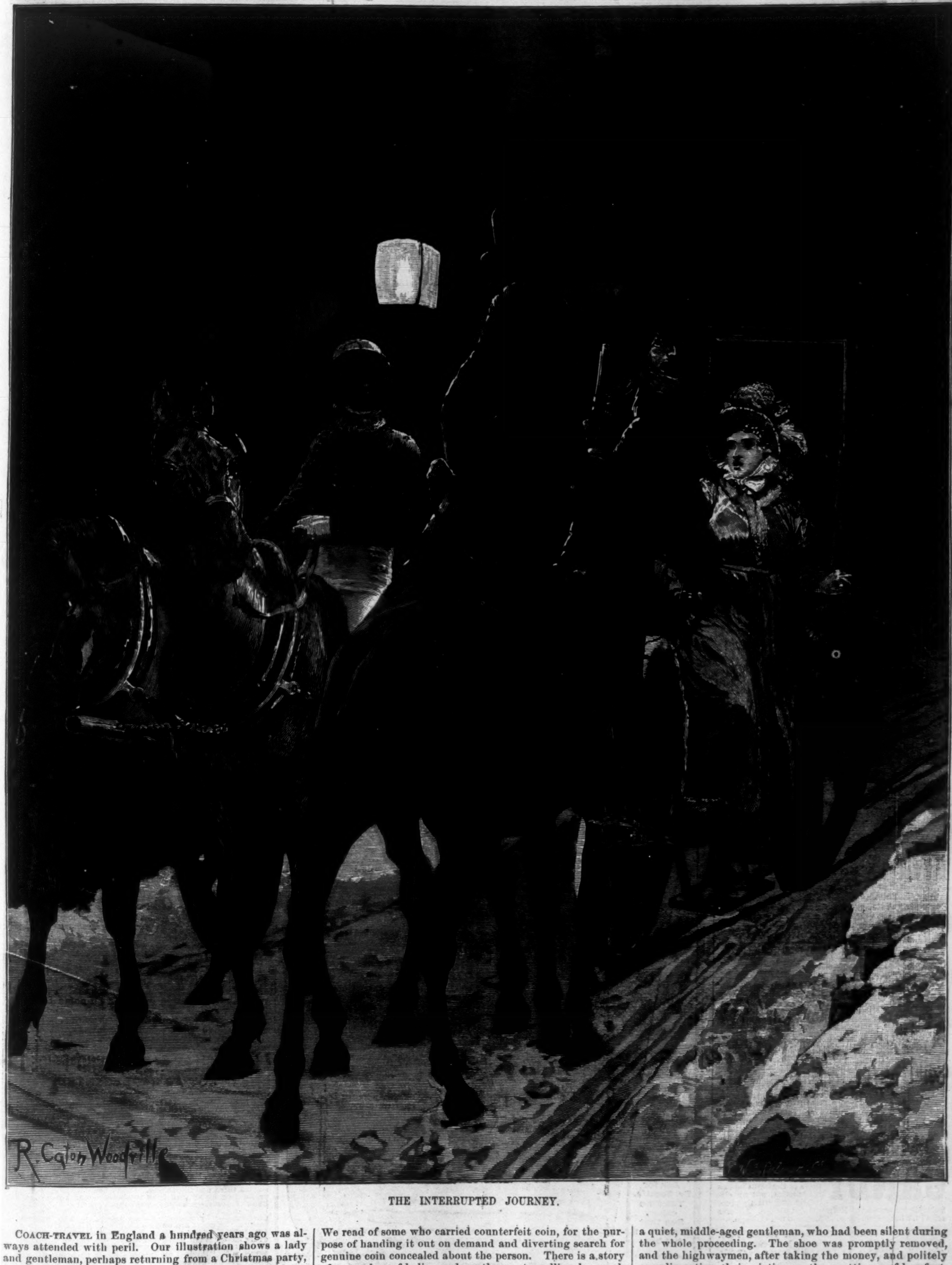
"You'll have to marry me right off, pigeon. Remember your promise," said a manly voice; and a pair of manly arms encircled her. "The wedding ring is in my pocket."

Little Miss Jems, tossing her hat in one corner and her cloak in another, burst into a wild fit of laughter. "Oh dear! I shall die—I know I shall! It's too—*too*—TOO funny!" she gasped. "After all the trouble I had teaching grandmamma the prices of things this morning! And papa's uncle—such an old gruffy as he is!—wanted me to send her to some charitable institution to be taken care of; said *he'd* take care of me if I would. I'd like to see myself, and so I told him. 'I'd ten thousand times rather keep'—oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!—'a store,' said I. Aleck, why don't you stop laughing, and why—don't—you—make—me—stop laughing? Was there ever anything so ridiculous? Did you ever since you were born hear of a business begun and ended in three hours?"

"'Twas short and sweet, like little Miss Jems," said Aleck. "By George! here's three peppermint drops left! One for you, one for grandmamma, and one for me. Keep your mouth open and shut your eyes, pigeon."



SHORT AND SWEET.—"IT'S TOO-TOO-TOO FUNNY!"—DRAWN BY SOL ETTINGE, JUN.



THE INTERRUPTED JOURNEY.

COACH-TRAVEL in England a hundred years ago was always attended with peril. Our illustration shows a lady and gentleman, perhaps returning from a Christmas party, surprised by night, at a sudden turn of the road, by a masked highwayman. The sleepy postilion has been startled out of his doze by the terrifying apparition and the stern command to stop, while the inmates of the coach are politely but firmly requested to step out and surrender their purses, watches, and other valuables. Taken by surprise, and covered by the pistol of their assailant, the luckless travellers have no choice but to obey, and will consider themselves fortunate if allowed to proceed without personal maltreatment.

Many anecdotes are told of the ingenuity exercised by travellers to conceal valuable property from highwaymen. We read of some who carried counterfeit coin, for the purpose of handing it out on demand and diverting search for genuine coin concealed about the person. There is a story of a number of ladies and gentlemen, travelling by coach over a very lonely and dangerous road, who entertained each other with tales of highwaymen, and the various stratagems resorted to for the safe-keeping of valuables. One young lady incautiously admitted that she had concealed a hundred pounds in her right shoe. Shortly afterward the coach was stopped, and the passengers were compelled to surrender their purses and watches. The robbers, dissatisfied with the meagreness of their booty, declared that they would search the baggage if a hundred pounds more were not forth-coming. "You will find just that amount in the right shoe of the young lady opposite," said a quiet, middle-aged gentleman, who had been silent during the whole proceeding. The shoe was promptly removed, and the highwaymen, after taking the money, and politely complimenting their victim on the prettiness of her foot, allowed the coach to proceed. The young lady was inconsolable. The middle-aged passenger was roundly denounced as an accomplice of the highwaymen, and threatened with arrest at the first stopping-place. But on arriving there he disappeared before this could be carried out. The next morning the young lady was agreeably surprised by a very handsome remittance, several times the amount of the loss, from the supposed accomplice (who had managed to obtain her address), with the explanation that his trunks contained ten thousand pounds, which would have been lost had the highwaymen broken open the baggage.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

In the solvent, if you must take quinine. Dissolve the quinine in one-half a teaspoonful of Acid Phosphate, then mingle in half a tumbler of water.—[*Adv.*]

It is worth remembering that nobody enjoys the nicest surroundings if in bad health. There are miserable people about to-day with one foot in the grave, when a bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic would do them more good than all the medicines they have ever tried.—[*Adv.*]

ELEVATED RAILROADS.

Many complain of going up the stairs, from weakness of the knees. Rub with Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment, and the trouble is gone. Only 25 and 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all the druggists.—[*Adv.*]

Riker's American Face Powder is *absolutely harmless.* Try it. 25 cents per box. Wm. B. Riker & Son, 353 Sixth Avenue, sole manufacturers. Those who prefer a liquid preparation will find Riker's Cream of Roses the most satisfactory article they can use.—[*Adv.*]

The color and lustre of youth are restored to gray hair by the use of Parker's Hair Balsam, a harmless dressing highly esteemed for its perfume and purity.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of oil has been removed. It is a delicious drink, nourishing and strengthening; easily digested; admirably adapted for invalids as well as persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

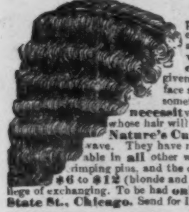
W. BAKER & CO.,
Dorchester, Mass.

THE BANNER OF VICTORY!

Single copy 35 cts.

By Abbey & Munger.

A new Sunday School Song Book, by the authors of "White Robes." The entire freshness of material and variety of contents gives to the Sunday School an exceedingly bright new number. Send for specimen copy. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.



MRS. THOMPSON'S Celebrated patent **"WAVE."** The unparalleled success of this charming addition to a lady's toilet, is due to their **convenience, comfort,** and the **decided improved appearance** given to every wearer. They make a thin face appear full—soften the lines that age sometimes creates. They are an absolute **necessity** to ladies whose foreheads are high—whose hair will not remain in crimp. Being made of **Nature's Curly Hair,** they **cannot** get out of wave. They have no **false wig-like** look so observable in **all** other waves and crimps. Does away with crimping pins, and the danger of ruining the hair. **Price, $6 to $12** (blonde and gray extra). Sent C. O. D. with privilege of exchanging. To be had **only** of **Mrs. C. Thompson, 107 State St., Chicago.** Send for Illustrated Catalogue free. No agents.

MINTON'S ART AND ENAMELED TILES.

China Works, Stoke-upon-Trent.
Also, THE CAMPBELL BRICK & TILE CO.'S
Encaustic and Geometrical Floor Tiles, Mosaics, &c.
THOS. ASPINWALL & SON,
604 Broadway, New York,
Sole Agents in the United States.

Musselman's Compendium of **Plain and Ornamental PENMANSHIP,** with book of self-instruction. Worth many times its cost to **Teachers, Scholars,** or any one who desires a **Beautiful Hand Writing,** so much admired by all. The entire combination, with some of the finest ornamental work, will be sent by mail, **postpaid, for $1.** Circulars **free.** Address
C. K. DERG, Cresco, Iowa.

Solid Silver Watches, $4 up.

Solid Gold Watches, $10 up. Also, all kinds of Ladies' and Gents' Jewelry, Gold Breastpins and Ear-Rings, Bracelets, Rings, Sleeve-Buttons, Studs, Ladies' and Gent's Gold Chains. These goods are second-hand, being bought at auction sales. Send for circular, which will explain how they can be ordered without any deposit being required in advance.
ROBERT ORR, 388 Pearl St., N. Y.

CANDY Send $1, $2, $3, or $5 for a retail box by express of the best Candies in America, put up elegantly and strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Refers to all Chicago. Address **GUNTHER,** Confectioner, 78 Madison St., Chicago.

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.
C. WEIS { Manufacturer of Meerschaum Goods. Wholesale and Retail. Send for Circular to 399 Broadway. Factories, Vienna and 69 Walker Street, N. Y.

HITCHCOCK'S OLD AND NEW
Books 1 & 2 Now Ready. SONGS. Both mailed for $1.00.

With Piano Accompaniments. 250 pages, large size, 50c. Sold by all dealers, and mailed by HITCHCOCK'S MUSIC STORE, Sun Building, 166 Nassau St., N. Y.

FREE TO F. A. M. Beautiful Colored Engraving, showing the Ancient Masonic Matters recently discovered in Egypt. Large new illustrated catalogue of Masonic books and goods, with bottom prices; also, particulars of the highly lucrative employment offered F. A. M. this winter. REDDING & CO., **Masonic Publishers and Manufacturers, 731 Broadway, New York.**

EPPS'S COCOA.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

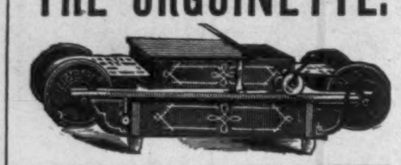
"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk.

Sold only in soldered tins, ½ and lb., labelled
JAMES EPPS & CO., *Homœopathic Chemists,*
London, Eng.

Also, *Epps's Chocolate Essence* for afternoon use.

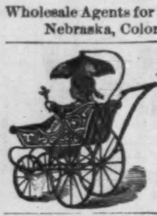
THE ORGUINETTE.



CABINETTOS, AUTOMATIC MUSICAL CABINETS, PIPE ORGANS, REED ORGANS, and PIANOS.

The most wonderful music-producing instruments in the world. Play everything. Any one can play them. No musical knowledge required. Call and see them, or send for Circular to the

MECHANICAL ORGUINETTE CO.,
831 Broadway, bet. 12th and 13th Sts.,
NEW YORK.
LYON & HEALY, 162 State St., Chicago, Ill.,
Wholesale Agents for Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska, Colorado, and the Pacific Coast.



NOVELTY CARRIAGE.
IN WILLOW AND WOOD.
AN UMBRELLA PROTECTS FROM SUN OR RAIN.
Beware of Imitations.
Send for Circular to
L. P. TIBBALS,
820 Broadway, New York.
Next Block above Stewart's.

50 Extra Fine White Wedding Bristol Cards, Name in Script Type equal to an Engraved Card, 25 cts., postpaid. **GEO. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.**

JAS. G. JOHNSON,

LATE

JOHNSON BROS. & CO.

NO. 8 EAST 14TH ST., near 5TH AVE.

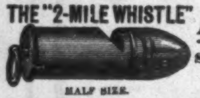
HOLIDAY GOODS.

ATTRACTIVE NOVELTIES
AT REASONABLE PRICES IN HOLIDAY GOODS.
DOLLS. DOLLS. DOLLS. DOLLS.
WORK-BOXES, DRESSING-CASES, JEWEL-CASES
WRITING-DESKS, INKSTANDS, BRONZES, &c.
FANS, FANS. FANS. FANS.
JET AND GOLD JEWELRY, RUSSIA LEATHER GOODS, PORTE-MONNAIES, WALLETS, CIGAR-CASES, &c.
ALBUMS. ALBUMS. ALBUMS. ALBUMS.
LACES AND MADE-UP LACE GOODS, WOOLS, AND FANCY WORSTED WORK.
GLOVES, HANDKERCHIEFS, &c., &c.

JAS. G. JOHNSON,

52 RUE DU FAUBOURG POISSONNIERE, PARIS. | NO. 8 EAST 14TH ST., NEAR 5TH AVE.

THE "2-MILE WHISTLE"



HALF SIZE.

A NOVELTY!

SPORTSMEN, BICYCLISTS, POLICE, Etc.,

ATTENTION! This Whistle is an *exact* imitation of a 50 cal. centre fire *cartridge;* in fact, it is made from a 50 cal. shell, with a bright *nickel bullet* for a mouth-piece, and swivel-ring for attaching to chain or key-ring. It is very highly finished and beautifully and attractively made, and it is the **Loudest, Shrillest, and most penetrating Whistle** we know of. Made by the celebrated Bridgeport Gun Implement Co. Every one is warranted *perfect in every respect.* Sent by mail, *prepaid,* to any address, on receipt of **ONLY 35 CENTS,** in silver or stamps. It is a great curiosity and very cheap at price named. *An acceptable present to any gentleman.* Address,
G. W. TURNER & ROSS, Dock Square, Boston, Mass.

150 Elegant NEEDLE-WORK Patterns for all kinds of Embroidery, Lace-work, &c., with diagrams showing how to make all the stitches, 12c., two for 20c., postpaid. Invaluable in doing fancy-work. PATTEN & CO., 47 Barclay St., N. Y.

CASTORIA

Old Dr. Pitcher's remedy for Children's Complaints.

NICOLL THE TAILOR,

620 BROADWAY,
and 139 to 151 Bowery, New York.

PANTS TO ORDER,	$4.00	TO	$10.00.
SUITS	"	$15.00	"	$40.00.
OVERCOATS	"	$15.00	"	$40.00.

Samples and Rules for Self-Measurement sent by mail.
BRANCH STORES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES.

Self-Inker $4
THE EXCELSIOR

Print Your Own Cards, Labels, &c. Press, $3. Larger Size $8. 13 other sizes. For business, pleasure, old or young. Everything easy by printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue of Presses, Type, Cards, &c., to the factory.
KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

WELLING

COMPRESSED IVORY MFG. CO. (LIMITED).

White Brush, Mirror, and Comb, medium size, $5.00 set, in Satin Lined Case. Billiard Balls, 2⅜, $10.00 set. Pool, 2¼, striped same as Ivory, $30.00 set. Checks, 1½ inches, $3.50 per 100. **251 Centre Street, New York.** Established 1855.

Round Writing

USEFUL FOR EVERYBODY

BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS & PENS

Sold for $1.50 at all Stationers, or

KEUFFEL & ESSER, 127 Fulton St., N.Y.

Importers of Drawing Materials.

C. STEHR, Manufacturer of **Meerschaum Pipes & Cigar Holders.** Wholesale and retail. Send for Circular and Price-List. **347 Broome St., N.Y.** Medal awarded at Centennial, 1876.

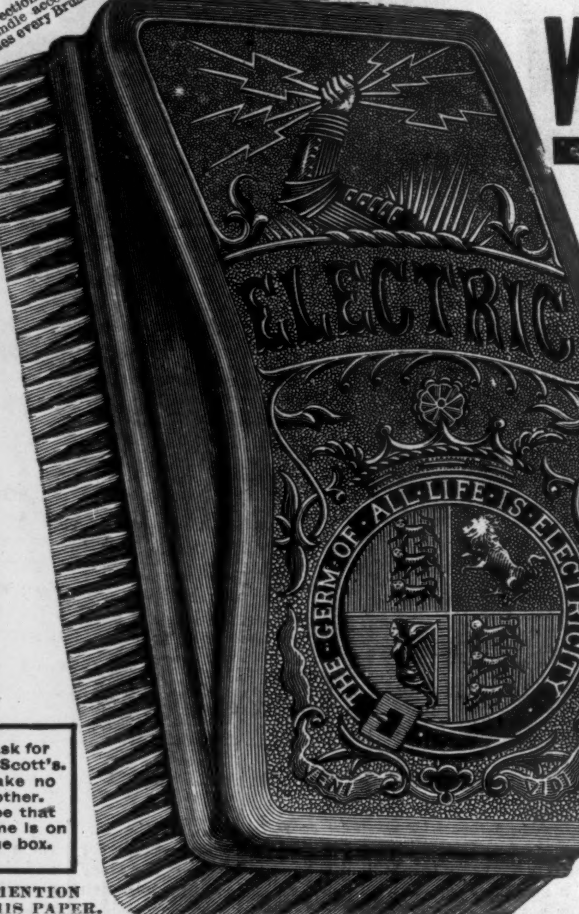
PLAYS, Tableaux, Dialogues, Recitations, Colored Fire, Wigs, Mustaches, &c. Catalogues sent free by HAPPY HOURS BAZAR, No. 21 Beekman St., N. Y.

METAL Bodied RUBBER TYPE Badges, Stencils, &c. N. Stafford, 66 Fulton St. N. Y.

BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAY PRESENT.

Every Man and Woman in America should Use DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC FLESH BRUSH.

Directions about Handle accompanies every Brush.



ELECTRIC
THE GERM OF ALL LIFE IS ELECTRICITY
VENI
VIDI

WHY

Because it quickens the circulation, opens the pores and enables the system to throw off those impurities which cause disease. It instantly acts upon the Blood, Nerves and Tissues, Imparting

A Beautiful Clear Skin, New Energy and New Life,

TO ALL WHO DAILY USE IT,

IT IS WARRANTED TO CURE

Rheumatism and Diseases of the Blood, Nervous Complaints, Neuralgia, Toothache, Malarial Lameness, Palpitation, Paralysis and all pains caused by impaired circulation. It promptly alleviates Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, quickly removes those "Back Aches" peculiar to Ladies, and imparts wonderful vigor to the whole body.

ALL DEALERS WILL REFUND PRICE IF NOT AS REPRESENTED.

The Back of the Brush is made of a new material resembling ebony, beautifully carved and lasting for years. It is a combination of substances producing a permanent Electro Magnetic Current. Always doing good it cannot harm, while its application gives a most agreeable sensation, there being no shock or unpleasant feeling whatever. Its power can always be tested by the silver compass which accompanies each brush.

Ask for Dr. Scott's. Take no other. See that name is on the box.

MENTION THIS PAPER.

Not a Wire Brush but Pure Bristles.

As soon as you receive the Brush, if not well satisfied with your bargain, write us, and we will return the money. What can be fairer?

TESTIMONIALS.

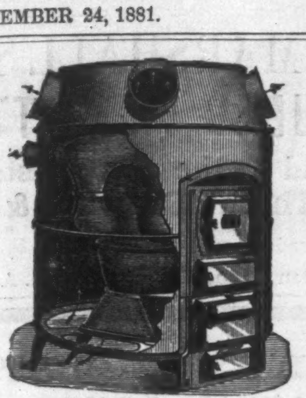
846 Broadway, New York, May 15, 1881. "They give splendid satisfaction, and many have come back and bought the second, third, and fourth one. I have heard many customers praise them highly, and from my own personal knowledge, I know of most remarkable cures attending their use. I cordially recommend them to the public." Hermon W. Atwood, Chemist.—"I prescribe it for my patients with the happiest results. Its cures are unquestionable." All should use it. Dr. John Gavett Gibson, F.C.S.—"Should be used by every man, woman, and child daily. We cannot too highly recommend it."—*Surgical Gazette.*—95 Scott Street, Baltimore, Md. "It cured my Rheumatism in three minutes and two cases of Neuralgia and one of Toothache." Jesse M. Harr.—Andover, Mass., Sept. 13, 1881. "Too much cannot be said in praise of your Brushes. All who use them, about here, are greatly benefited. They have enabled me to dispense with my crutches." Mrs. A. E. Sawyer.—116 Commercial St., Portland, Me. "I find great benefit from your Flesh Brush." W. E. Smith.

Space forbids our publishing here innumerable letters of praise and gratitude. Where addresses are not given they will be furnished with pleasure on application.

A BEAUTIFUL BRUSH, LASTING FOR YEARS.

We will send it on trial, postpaid, on receipt of $3.00, which will be returned if not as represented.

Inclose 10 cents extra and we guarantee safe delivery into your hands; or will send it by express, C. O. D., at your expense, with privilege of examination: but expressage adds considerably to your cost. Or request your nearest Druggist or Fancy Store to obtain one for you, and be sure Dr. Scott's name is on the box. Remittances should be made payable to **GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York.** They can be made in Checks, Drafts, Post Office Orders, Currency, or Stamps. Liberal Discount to the Trade. **Agents Wanted in every town.** Send for circular of Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush.



Heat your houses **thoroughly** (during such winters as the **past one** was) by using

BOYNTON'S

GAS-TIGHT DURABLE FURNACES.

Thousands have had constant and **severe** use during the past **22 years,** and are in **good condition** to-day, without **repairs or expense.** Cheapest to buy and use. Have **more power,** greater **durability,** and are fitted with more **modern improvements** for **saving fuel** and **labor** than any furnace made. Producing **large volume** of pure **warm air** perfectly **free** from **gases.** Immensely **popular** and **universally** successful. Send for Circulars.

RICHARDSON, BOYNTON & CO., Manufacturers,
234 Water St., New York, & 84 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

STATEN ISLAND

FANCY DYEING ESTABLISHMENT,

Office, 5 and 7 John St., N. Y.

BRANCH OFFICES:
1199 Broadway, near 29th St., N. Y.
279 Fulton St., Brooklyn.
47 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.
110 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore.

Dye, Clean, and *Refinish* Dress Goods and Garments. *Ladies' Dresses, Cloaks, Robes, &c.,* of *all fabrics,* and of the most elaborate styles, cleaned or dyed successfully *without ripping.*

Gentlemen's Garments, *cleaned or dyed whole.*

Curtains, Window-Shades, Table-Covers, Carpets, &c., cleaned or dyed.

Employing the best attainable skill and most improved appliances, and having systematized anew every department of our business, we can confidently promise the best results, and unusually prompt return of goods.

Goods received and returned by express or by mail.

BARRETT, NEPHEWS & CO.,
5 and 7 John St., N. Y.

Andrews' PARLOR FOLDING Bed.

Bedding folds out of sight; it saves room—elegant, strong and comfortable. **15 styles.** Price, **$22** up. We guarantee satisfaction. Send for Ill. catalogue. Made **only** by **A. H. Andrews & Co.** Chicago, Ill.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT

OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT

OF MEAT. An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c.

CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT

OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 43 Mark Lane, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
The THREE above publications	10 00
Any TWO above named	7 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	1 50
HARPER'S MAGAZINE HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	5 00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year (52 Numbers)	10 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY: a weekly publication, containing works of Travel, Biography, History, Fiction, and Poetry, at prices ranging from 10 to 25 cents per number. Full list of *Harper's Franklin Square Library* will be furnished gratuitously on application to HARPER & BROTHERS.

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE, comprising the titles of between three and four thousand volumes, will be sent by mail on receipt of Nine Cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

HOPE FOR THE DEAF

Dr. Peck's Artificial Ear Drums

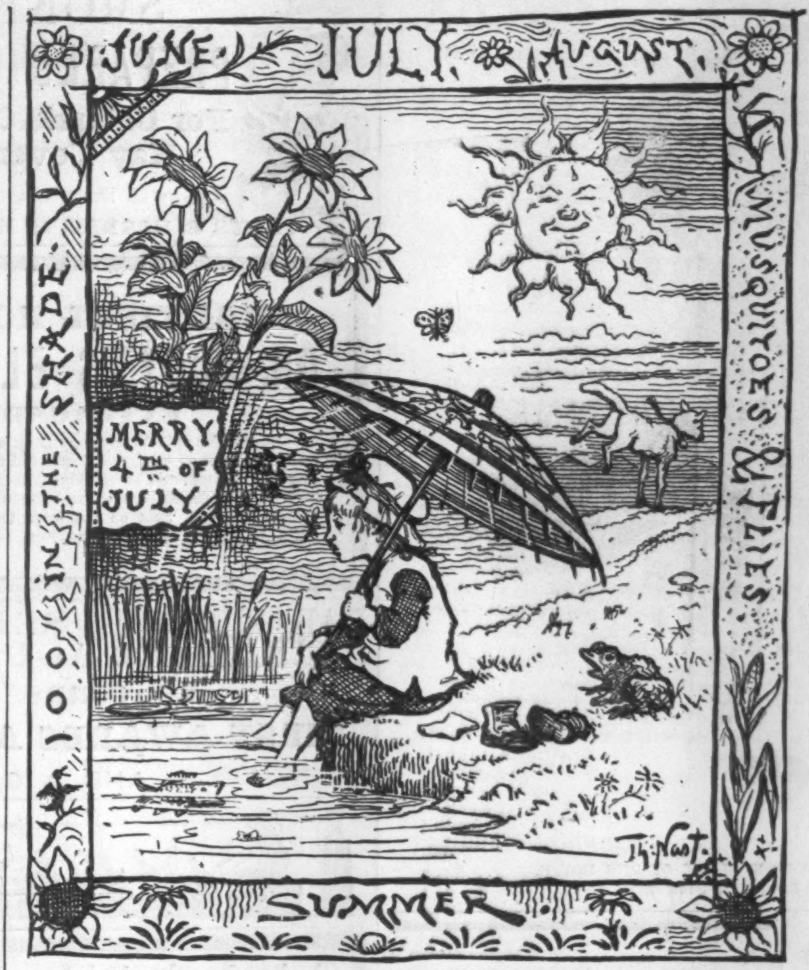
PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the **Natural Drum.** Always in position, **but invisible to others.** All Conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. **We refer to those using them.** Send for descriptive circular with testimonials. Address, **H. P. K. PECK & CO., 853 Broadway, New York.**

---

300 **Choice** Poetical Selections for Autograph Albums, neatly bound; **250** spicy Motto Verses, and **25** popular Songs, all for 12c. postpaid. PATTEN & WADE, 49 Barclay St., N. Y.

Phonography, or Phonetic Shorthand. Catalogue of works, with Phonographic Alphabet and illustrations, for beginners, sent on application. Address, **BENN PITMAN, Cincinnati, O.**

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.



FIRST PRIZE CHRISTMAS CARD—BEING FARTHEST FROM THE SUBJECT.

"It is a wild, weird, fleshly thing—yet very tender, very yearning, very precious. It is called 'Oh, hollow! hollow! hollow!'"

THE GREAT SAUCE OF THE WORLD.

LEA & PERRINS'

Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to

EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.

"Tell LEA & PERRINS that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

SOUPS,
GRAVIES,
FISH,
HOT & COLD
MEATS,
GAME, &c.

Lea & Perrins

Signature is on every bottle of GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.

Sold and used throughout the world.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS,
AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES.
NEW YORK.

TRADE MARK.

THE FIRST

Japanese M'f'g and Trading Co.,

865 BROADWAY, New York,
IMPORTERS OF

JAPANESE GOODS.

Greatest assortment of

NOVELTIES

FOR HOUSE DECORATION AND

FALL TRADE.

A CATALOGUE MAILED ON APPLICATION.

---

50 **CARDS,** all new, Imported designs of Hand & Bouquet, Gold, Silver and others, name in fancy script type, 10c. CLINTON & CO., North Haven, Conn.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.

HOLIDAY NOVELTIES
in Silk Hosiery.

COLORS: Bronze, Plum, Terra-Cotta, Tabac, Dragon Green, and many other beautiful shades. **DENTELLES** in new and very choice designs. Black spun and bright silk in all grades. Extra heavy fleeced black spun silk. A very choice stock of **GENTLEMEN'S SILK HALF HOSE,** plain solid colors, embroidered and Roman styles.

Broadway and 19th St.

A. E. Burkhardt & Co.,

FURRIERS,

CINCINNATI,

WILL SEND TO APPLICATIONS ACCOMPANIED BY SATISFACTORY REFERENCES, THEIR "PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUM," SHOWING THE LATEST PARIS MODES IN SEAL SKIN AND FUR-LINED GARMENTS OF THEIR OWN MANUFACTURE.

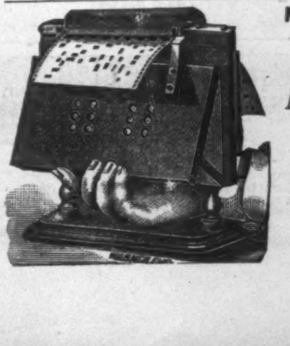
FREE Send your address, with a three-cent stamp, to the ÆTNA CARD CO., 119 Fulton St., New York, and receive 12 beautiful Chromo Cards, embracing Gold, Silver, and different tints, together with our new Price-List of Cards.

AGENTS WANTED to sell Dr. CHASE'S 2000 RECIPE BOOK. *Sells at sight.* You double your money. Address DR. CHASE'S Printing House, Ann Arbor, Mich.

---

40 **CARDS,** all Chromo, Glass and Motto, in case, name in gold & jet, 10c. West & Co., Westville, Ct.

AGENTS can now grasp **a fortune.** Address **RIDEOUT & CO.,** 10 Barclay St., N. Y.



THE AUTOPHONE.

THE FINEST
AUTOMATIC MUSICAL INSTRUMENT
EVER OFFERED.

Just the thing for the Holidays.

Send for Circular and Catalogue of Music.

Address **THE AUTOPHONE CO.,**
ITHACA N. Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S WORKS. Edited by PETER CUNNINGHAM, F.S.A. From New Electrotype Plates. With Steel-Plate Portrait. 4 vols., 8vo, Cloth, Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $8 00. Uniform with the *New Library Editions of Macaulay, Hume, Gibbon, Motley, and Hildreth, already published.*

II.

MANUAL OF OBJECT TEACHING. With Illustrative Lessons in Methods, and the Science of Education. By N. A. CALKINS, Author of "Primary Object Lessons," "Phonic Charts," and "School and Family Charts." 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

III.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN: His Family and His Times, with Original Letters and a Discourse on Architecture hitherto unpublished. 1585–1723. By LUCY PHILLIMORE. With Two Illustrations. 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

IV.

LIFE OF GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI. By J. THEODORE BENT. Illustrated. 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

V.

HARPER'S POPULAR CYCLOPÆDIA OF UNITED STATES HISTORY. From the Aboriginal Period to 1876. Containing Brief Sketches of Important Events and Conspicuous Actors. By BENSON J. LOSSING, Author of "The Field-Book of the Revolution," "Field-Book of the War of 1812," &c. Illustrated by Two Steel Plate Portraits and over 1000 Engravings. 2 vols., Royal 8vo, Cloth, $12 00.

VI.

THE BOY TRAVELLERS IN THE FAR EAST. Part III. Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey to Ceylon and India. With Descriptions of Borneo, the Philippine Islands, and Burmah. By THOMAS W. KNOX, Author of "The Young Nimrods," &c. Copiously Illustrated. 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $3 00. Uniform with Colonel KNOX'S *Boy Travellers in the Far East, Parts I. and II.*

VII.

PAUL THE MISSIONARY. By Rev. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D., Minister of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

VIII.

THE HEART OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS. By SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE. Illustrated by W. HAMILTON GIBSON. 4to, Illuminated Cloth, Gilt Edges, $7 50. In a Box.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

A Grape from a Thorn. By JAMES PAYN. 20 cents.

A Laodicean. By THOMAS HARDY. With Two Illustrations. 20 cents.

The Comet of a Season. By JUSTIN McCARTHY. 20 cts.

Christowell. By R. D. BLACKMORE. 20 cents.

The Mysteries of Heron Dyke. 20 cents.

The Braes of Yarrow. By CHARLES GIBBON. 20 cents.

A Life's Atonement. By D. C. MURRAY. 20 cents.

Ivy: Cousin and Bride. By PERCY GREG. 20 cents.

Sceptre and Ring. By B. H. BUXTON. 20 cents.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents in stamps.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

ITS POPULARITY IS UNPARALLELED!! 130,000 SOLD!!! and still more Agents are wanted to supply the wonderful and increasing demand for by far THE BEST, most popular, and CHEAPEST

LIFE OF GARFIELD PRICE ONLY $2

This work is **Profusely Illustrated,** tells the entire *thrilling* story of his *eventful* life and *tragic* death; has been *critically* revised and *approved* by one of his *most intimate personal friends;* has far *outsold* all other editions because the *best* and *cheapest,* and our *terms* to *Agents* are the *most liberal* of any. **Superb Steel-Plate Portraits Free!! *Outfit,* 50c.** For *proof* of *excellence, salability, success* of *agents,* and *terms,* address *at once,* **Hubbard Bros., Pubs., Phila.**

ASTHMA *Quickly and Permanently* CURED

Dr. Stinson's Asthma Remedy is unequaled as a positive Alterative and Cure for **Asthma and Dyspepsia,** and all their attendant evils. It does not merely afford temporary relief, but is a permanent cure. Mrs. B. F. Lee, of Belmore, O., says of it: "*I am surprised at the speedy effects of your remedy. It is the first medicine in six years that has loosened my cough and made expectoration easy. I now sleep all night without coughing.*" If your druggist does not keep it, send for treatise and testimonials to

H. P. K. PECK & CO.,
853 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS THIS IS **OUR OFFER:** We will send a sample of our latest for name and 2 3c. stamps. Our agents have sold them for 25 cts. and 50 cts. Address Centre M'f'g Co., East Providence Centre, R. I.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—Catalogues of Plays, Pantomimes, Charades, Tableaux, &c. Can be had *free,* by sending your address to **Post-Office Box 3410, New York.**

12c. **"A Violet** from Mother's Grave" & **49** other popular **Songs,** words and **music** entire, all for 12 cents. PATTEN & CO., 47 Barclay St., N. Y.

---

10 **CTS.** pays for the Star Spangled Banner 3 mos. *Nothing like it.* 20th year. 8 pages illus'd. Specimens FREE. Address Banner, Hinsdale, N. H.

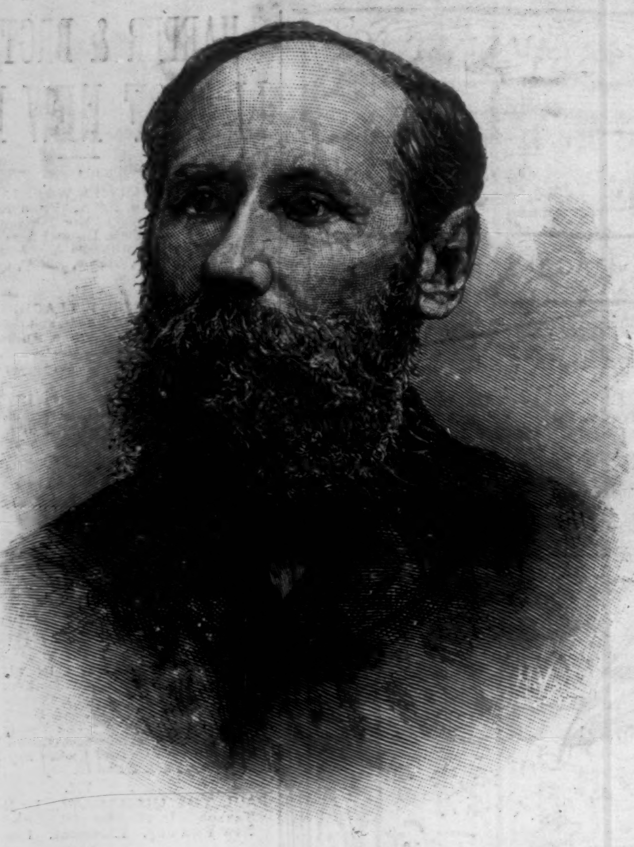
---

40 Large Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name, 10c., postpaid. **G. I. REED & CO.,** Nassau, N. Y.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

---

50 **ALL NEW STYLE** Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, name on, 10 cts. CLINTON BROS., Clintonville, Conn.



THE HON. EDWARD McPHERSON, CLERK OF THE HOUSE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BELL.—[SEE PAGE 870.]

C. G. GUNTHER'S SONS.

Seal-Skin Sacques and Cloaks;
Fur-Lined Garments;
Fur Trimmings, Muffs, and Collars.

184 Fifth Ave., New York.

Orders by mail, or information desired, will receive special and prompt attention.

HALE'S HONEY OF

"Nothing without Labor."

HOREHOUND & TAR

THE GREAT NATIONAL SPECIFIC
FOR THE CURE OF
COUGHS, COLDS, DIFFICULT BREATHING, AND ALL AFFECTIONS of the THROAT, BRONCHIAL TUBES, and LUNGS, LEADING to CONSUMPTION.

Composed of the HONEY of the plant Horehound, in chemical union with TAR BALM.

Those who have used it say that **Hale's Honey of Horehound & Tar** is wonderfully remedial in all cases where the organs of respiration are affected, and that its action is unusually rapid. It contains nothing that can disorder the stomach, and has an extremely agreeable flavor.

Children derive great benefit from its soothing properties when suffering with Croup and Whooping Cough.

Prices, 50c. and **$1** per bottle; largest cheapest
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

C. N. CRITTENTON, Sole Proprietor,
115 FULTON STREET, N. Y.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.
Glenn's Sulphur Soap for the cure of skin diseases.

IN POWDERED FORM.
RICH, DELICIOUS, ECONOMICAL, CONVENIENT.

Tins contain material for 5 Pints Beef, Mock Turtle, Tomato, Ox Tail, Bean, Clam Chowder, Vegetable, Fish, Lobster, Clam and Kidney. A child can prepare them in a few minutes.

BRUNSWI K CLAM FRITTERS.

Nothing but water required. Tins contain material for 15 Fritters. Ready in 5 minutes.

FISHERMEN!
TWINES AND NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS, Baltimore, Md.
☞ Send for Price-List, naming your County and State.

Gorham Solid Silver

Is of only one quality (925/1000 fine), absolutely guaranteed. Every piece is stamped STERLING and the goods can be purchased of dealers at the same prices asked for goods of inferior manufacture, and often of debased quality. The stamp of the Gorham Company is as sure a guarantee of pure metal as is the Hall Mark of England.

Established 1833.

WALTER BUHL & CO.,
DETROIT, MICH.
Manufacturers of

Ladies' Seal Sacques, Dolmans, Mink Cloaks, Silk and Satin Fur-Lined Garments, Gentlemen's Fur Caps, Gloves, &c.

Goods sent on approval to any part of the U. S. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

WALTER BUHL & CO.
DETROIT, MICH.

Rawson's (Self-Adjusting) U. S. Army
SUSPENSORY BANDAGE.
A Perfect Fit Guaranteed. Support, Relief, Comfort.
AUTOMATICALLY ADJUSTABLE.
DISPLACEMENT IMPOSSIBLE.
Lecture on Nervous Tension and Circular mailed free.
Sold by Druggists. S. E. G. RAWSON, Patentee,
Sent by mail safely. Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

No Springs, No Weights.

AGENTS, DEALERS,
POSTMASTERS, CANVASSERS,

Write for Agency for the popular FULTON'S GRAVITY SCALES. Indorsed by Postmasters and thousands of others now using them.

☞ Special prices, freight charges prepaid:

½oz. to 8oz. each	2.00	½oz. to 4lbs. each	4.00
¼ " " 2 lbs. "	2.00	1 " " 10 lbs. "	5.00

Office Scales, 8oz.–2 lbs.–4 lbs. Family & Store 4 lbs. and 10 lbs. Please mention this paper.
R. M. FULTON & CO., 161 Cent'l Ave., Cin'ti, O.

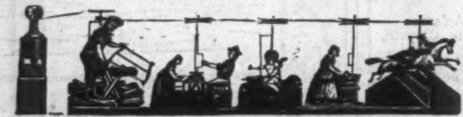
THE BEST PAPER
For the family, young or old, is the **MAYFLOWER,** Yarmouthport, Mass. Only 30 cents a year. Try it.

SMOKE MARSHALL'S
PREPARED CUBEB CIGARETTES,
For Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Asthma, Hay Fever, Throat Diseases, &c.
Sold by all Druggists; or send 25 cents for sample box by mail, to
JAMES B. HORNER, 59 Maiden Lane, New York, U. S. A.

BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAY PRESENT.
DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC BRUSHES.
EXTRAORDINARY OFFER.

During the next 30 days any Drug or Fancy Store will let you have either the Hair or Flesh Brush *on trial*, and if they fail to Cure Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Pains, &c., in a few minutes, or quickly Cure Dandruff, Falling Hair, and Baldness, take them back in good condition and the Price will be refunded. They are not Wire but Pure Bristle Brushes. Sent on the same terms, postpaid, on receipt of three dollars, by GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York. See large cut on inside page.

HARTSHORN'S SELF ACTING SHADE ROLLERS.
NO CORDS OR BALANCES.
FIRST AWARDS AT 5 WORLD'S FAIRS
AND A GOLD MEDAL.



Model Working Toy Engines and Figures.

We send Engine, Figures, Pulleys, Belt, &c., all complete as per cut, and in working order, by mail for $1 50.

New Catalogue for 1881–82, 376 illustrations, by mail, 5 cents.

PECK & SNYDER, 124 & 126 Nassau St., N.Y.

Clocks for the Holidays.

The NEW HAVEN CLOCK Co., No. 62 Reade St., New York, **offer at retail** at **especially** low prices a recently imported line of French Clocks and Bronzes, of the **very latest designs,** together with the celebrated French and English solid Oak or Marble

CHIME CLOCKS,

and a line of solid carved wood standing hall Regulators, made either in Ebony, Mahogany, or Walnut.

Columbia Bicycles

Made of the very best material, by the most skilled workmen, expressly for road use. "Columbias" are the favorite with riders, and their superiority in beauty, structure, and finish is acknowledged by all.

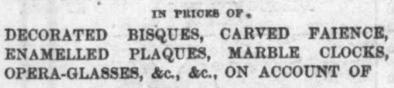
Send 3c. stamp for 24-page Catalogue, with price-lists and full information.

THE POPE MFG. CO.,
597 WASHINGTON ST.,
Boston, Mass.

GREAT REDUCTIONS
IN PRICES OF.
DECORATED BISQUES, CARVED FAIENCE, ENAMELLED PLAQUES, MARBLE CLOCKS, OPERA-GLASSES, &c., &c., ON ACCOUNT OF
REMOVAL.

LE BOUTILLIER & CO.,
3 Union Square, New York.

GREENFIELD CUTLERY Co.
Manufacturers of


GREENFIELD CUTLERY CO. GREENFIELD, MASS

Superior Solid Steel
Silver Plated Pie, Butter, Table, Dessert, and Tea Knives, to Match.

ALFORD, WARD & DAVENPORT,
85 CHAMBERS ST., NEW YORK.

In order to introduce our goods to the people, we will send by mail, prepaid,

1 Pie Knife,	$2.00	6 Table Knives,	$3.50
1 Butter "	50	6 Dessert "	3.25
6 Tea Knives,	3.00	or any portion pro rata.	

E & W TRADE MARK
EARL & WILSON'S
MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS
"ARE THE BEST"
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

TELESCOPES *Microscopes, Opera Glasses, Spectacles, Barometers, Thermometers, and Compasses.* **R. & J. BECK,** Manufacturing Opticians, Philadelphia, Pa.
☞ Send for **Illustrated Priced Catalogue.**

(Established 1854.)
CARRINGTON & CO., General Purchasing Agents, buy *anything* to order. Send for circular. New York, 53 Broadway, P. O. Box (new number) 1661; Chicago, 95 Washington Street.

PISO'S CURE FOR

Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has **cured thousands.** It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. **25c. & $1.**

CONSUMPTION.

SYPHER & CO.
ARE NOW RECEIVING FROM EUROPE
Antique Furniture, Clocks, Bronzes, China, &c., &c.
739 & 741 BROADWAY.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.

Japanese Porcelains,
IMPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR
THE HOLIDAY TRADE.
NIPPON MERCANTILE CO.,
310 Broadway, New York.

GOLD PENS.

MABIE TODD & Co NEW YORK 6

PENCILS, HOLDERS, CASES, &c.
THE CALLI-GRAPHIC PEN.

A GOLD PEN and RUBBER HOLDER, containing ink for several days' writing. Can be carried in the pocket. Always ready for use. A luxury for persons who care to preserve their individuality in writing.

MABIE, TODD, & BARD,
180 Broadway, New York.
Send for Price-List.
OUR GOODS ARE SOLD BY FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

H. W. JOHNS'
ASBESTOS
LIQUID PAINTS, ROOFING,
Steam Pipe & Boiler Coverings, Steam Packing, Mill Board, Sheathing, Fire Proof Coatings, &c.
SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PRICE LIST.
H. W. JOHNS M'F'G CO. 87 MAIDEN LANE, N. Y.

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT cured by
DEAN'S RHEUMATIC PILLS,
of all Druggists at 50c. a box. Sent by mail on receipt of price, by C. N. Crittenton, 115 Fulton St., N. Y.

BEATTY'S Organs, 27 stops, 10 Set Reeds, only $90. Pianos, $125 up. Rare Holiday Inducements Ready. Write or call on BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "Mary Anerley," "Lorna Doone," "Cripps, the Carrier," etc.

CHAPTER XLVII.

SHORT MEASURES NEEDFUL.

However, on the whole, it seemed at first as if Mr. Gaston could scarcely have done better, in this risky coil of things, than go off both his head and feet, and become a helpless patient. Whenever a man is ill (however he may have earned his illness), a fount of pity and good-will arises in the breasts of all who are not brutes. Especially when he is a man of strength and power that seemed to defy small ailment, people conscious of their own more common weakness feel for him kindly, and put off hard measures with the popular spirit of fair play.

Mr. Latimer had a most amiable heart; Mr. Emblin, though sharper, was not hard. As soon as the doctor had pronounced that further excitement must prove fatal, and that nothing but the free flow of blood had saved his patient from apoplexy, the lawyers resolved to proceed with their duty as tenderly as possible. The best room in the house and all its comforts were placed at the service of the steward, and every one was to attend to his orders as if he had been the master still. None of his seals were removed, but those of the firm were placed beside them, and everything was done as if it still were doubtful who might be the true executor. The old Earl was buried, with a quiet happy funeral, in the heart of his land, and among the bones of his forefathers. All the servants had good mourning, and were ordered to be patient in the question of their legacies until the law said whether they were to have them. Neither did the public for some days hear "of the heavy loss it had sustained," but sustained it without knowing it. And although Mrs. Giblets and her daughter Mary were beginning to pack up for Exeter, they had bought such a number of things in London, to give to every friend they could call to mind, and to last on the mantel-piece forever, that Mr. Snacks had to fetch down from his cock-loft every ancient portmantle that would hold together. Mr. Snacks, every morning of his life, declared that write he would to brother Tucker that same day and no mistake. But every day, when he was girt up to do it, Mrs. Snacks implored him to wait just till to-morrow; it was so inhospitable and downright unlucky to write in front of people who were leaving your own house. She had known a bridegroom and bride and a baby killed by flying against decency so. And that was before these temptations of the Lord that he was always jobbing with began to boil on gridirons.

Moreover, Mrs. Tubbs held out such hopes of the great things she could well do now (with purest honesty and sense of trust) in the way of little things, which his poor sainted lordship had a hundred times assured her that he should have no rest in his grave if anybody else was to steal and make away with—and after the way she had been spoken of, assert her right she would, concerning what never had been doubted of hitherto. Mrs. Giblets, in reply to this, was very careful what she said. She heartily desired a great many things, not only for the mantel-piece, but to set up Mary in a thirty-pound house of her own whenever she had sown her wild grass—which is the feminine of oats—and should come to see that young Jemmy Splinters, of the timber-yard, would make her a good husband. Mrs. Giblets smiled upon Jemmy's suit, for his father was down for Mayor of Exeter, which to her mind was next in county dignity to the Mayor of Barnstaple. But Mary as yet turned her pretty nose up at him, because he had no whiskers. But her mother was confident that these would come, with the bottles she had seen at the London hair-dressers', whereof she had collected a fine store for him; and then Mary, who was reasonable, must give way.

Mr. Gaston entered into none of these niceties of behavior. Being ordered to keep his head well up—not only in figure of speech, but of body—he sat in the Earl's long cushioned chair, a chair as extinct as pigtails now. It was a wonderfully easy chair, and a genuine mind (however active) would have gone to sleep in it after so much loss of blood. But Mr. Gaston was not of a nature that could be counted on. Whatever thing he ought to do—not from a moral point of view, but according to analysis, or synthesis, or human diathesis, or anything else whereby philosophers guide, explain, and govern human action—that thing was the very last that he would do.

He should now have been thankful (not only as a duty, but as a necessity of nature) to Latimer, and Emblin, to Mrs. Tubbs, who brought him good soup, made with her own hand, little as he deserved it of her, and even to Mr. Snacks, who tried with a hundred horse-power of charity to doubt of his villainy, because he was so ill.

But he was not half so ill as they supposed, and as he wished them to suppose. With the strength of will which always helped him, and had made him what he was, he fetched his mind back to meet his troubles, and his bodily power to be up and doing. There was not a day to be lost, not an hour to spare, if he hoped to save himself. Any minute the jump of events might catch him, and the crash of his character bury him. Was he to lie there and wait the stroke, or strike for himself, as he used to do? His pride in himself and contempt of mankind awoke as he thought of his enemies, and he rang for three new-laid eggs, a long glass, and a bottle of Solera. He broke the raw eggs into the big deep tumbler, filled up with wine, and swirling round the mixture, gulped it off, and cast away his medicine. "I am your lord," he shouted to old Jenkins, who was wondering whether it would kill him: "if you want to escape the work-house, Jenkins, your plan is to hold fast by me."

"Yes, my lord—yes, sir, I should say. I did hear, the last thing was, that you was to have the property."

"Right enough. No doubt of that. Why, you know it, you old fool. Who signed his lordship's will but you, last week, at Mr. Foil's desire?"

The old man rubbed his eyes, and thought; and then he said: "I disremember; things go through my head so now. But I have heard say that you can't sign without forfeiting of legacies. And we was told there was £50, old and young, for all of us. Disappointing, after fifty year, sir; disappointing, I do say. But if my three young grandsons gets it, the same as their old granny, we must try to put up with it, Mr. Gaston, as according to the merits of the family. The Lord hath justice in His eyes. Though would 'a been a fairer thing to think on—£200 to me, and their share independent."

"So it would be. It is very hard upon you, Jenkins, after so many years, and all you have been trusted with. To give Tubbs a thousand pounds, and you fifty, is an insult as well as a robbery. But, under the will you signed, there was the power to me, and the order to me, to divide a thousand pounds among the servants, according to my own judgment. And the first thing I should do would be to lay you down £500, to do whatever you like with."

"Well, sir, I'm sure I don't know nothing. The times is so much against us all. They tell me it will come to a fight of lawyers, and not a honest soul get a sixpence of it."

"That's a heap of lies. We can keep out the lawyers, and all the pack of robbers round us, and do proper justice to the old retainers, by establishing the rightful will. Why, you must remember signing it no longer ago than Wednesday week? Call upon your memory, Jenkins; you will have to swear to it. Are they all off now to the funeral?"

"Yes, sir, all gone. Only three carriages! Why, there was six when the young lord died, and that was called out at for shabbiness. Nothing is ever done now as used to be. They asked me to go; but I said, 'No, thank you; not behind less than four horses, to disgrace myself.' Five-and-thirty miles to travel; and only the hearse, and one carriage, have got four!"

"They will come back by rail. But they won't be here till six or seven this evening. I feel better; I shall take a little walk in the garden. Keep the rest of the servants in-doors, I tell you."

"Bless my poor old bones, sir, you must never think of doing that! Why, if anything was to happen to you, Mr. Gaston, how should we ever get our money?"

"Don't be nervous, old chap. I am better. I feel as strong as a horse again. Stick by me, and I will stick by you. Jenkins, they want to give me the sack, because I am too honest for them. Your interest is bound up with mine. We shall beat them. Never fear. You know what thieves those lawyers are. They want to throw it all into Chancery; and then no one gets twopence except themselves. But they reckon without their host, old boy. Tubbs is gone to the funeral, of course. Tubbs is a spy, and she wants to rob you, and your grandsons, and every one of us. I shall go for a breath of air. Let no one know that I have left my room. You get away, and have a bottle of port-wine. They never even offered you a glass, I'll be bound. A nice way to conduct a funeral!"

In a few minutes, Gaston, with a large cloak on, and a strong oak stick to lean upon, slipped out of the door in the ivied wall, found a cab, and drove off to Hunter Street, and then to an alley called "Bishop's Gardens," where he knocked at the door of Mr. Foil, a lawyer not too legitimate. That gentleman, with his usual discretion, was not to be caught in his first blush at home; but gradually came down to that condition, after long mediation of a boy who could be trusted, because his name was "Bill Foil."

"I thought you would never come down, and I have not a moment to waste," said Gaston. "How can you be so hard up as all this?"

"Hospitality—hospitality, my good sir; you can understand it. It has brought down our family to answer their own bell. And yet with my abilities, experience, and character, any day we may go up, any day we may look down upon our enemies."

"Meaning the fools who have given you credit. Send away that grinning brat of yoors; I want to speak to you quietly. Have you any place free from listeners?"

"Rather," said Foil, with a pleasant wink. "You know what my love of silence is, surpassed, my good sir, by my love of nothing except sterling honesty, of which I regard you as the champion."

"Among the blind, the one-eyed man is king. Your clients are a shady lot, I fear. Well, here we are snug, and let us have no humbug. You remember this will, which you prepared and attested together with the shaky old butler, when the Earl was in his right mind, and knew his meaning? Thieves have got hold of him since, in my absence, and have made him sign something scandalous. Downright robbery, and honest men should leave no stone unturned to baffle it. I would rather pay a thousand pounds than knock under to such villainy. Now don't begin to talk about caveats, tedious lawsuits, and all that. The remedy is short and simple, if we are resolved to have our rights, and sweep aside wretched formalities—to make a man do what he meant to do, as long as he knew his own mind."

"That question will be for a jury, I fear; and it always is a most ticklish one. A thousand pounds is but a drop in the ocean when we come to fight a will."

"I know that; and the reason is plain—because it goes into so many pockets. But a thousand pounds in one man's pocket, without a farthing to pay out, and with plenty of legal pickings to come, is enough to make one labor for the right."

"Put it plainly," said Mr. Foil. "What am I to do for the thousand pounds?"

"As simple a thing as you ever did, and a thing as truly respectable. This will is dated 7th of May; it ought to be 7th of September."

"Well, you are a bold one, Mr. Gaston! Transportation for life is what it comes to, on conviction. And to face it out with that old Jenkins! Jenkins has no nerve at all."

"All the better for that, you stupid. Jenkins is not certain now. He has no memory; but you have. Remind him of something he did that day, and that will prove it to him. There is nothing like a fine old fool to baffle the sharpest lawyers. Make an entry in your day-book, under 7th of September, 'Prepared and attested Earl Delapole's will'; and out with the leaf of the 7th of May. It will not take them by surprise, for I have prepared their minds for it. I told them, when they produced their will, that I had one of later date, and was going to submit it to a lawyer. Enter my visit to you to-day—'Mr. Gaston, to consult me about the recent will.' Make me a copy, to flourish before them, with the date September 7. I shall not let them have it in their hands. They will take it for the original; it will be in the same handwriting; and when they come to see the real thing, they will believe, and I shall swear, that it never has been out of my possession, unless they stole it while I was ill. You know plenty of fellows who can take out ink, without a sign. Make one of them do it upon something else, for a test of skill, and steal some of his stuff. Don't let him see the will, of course. Nothing can be easier; and you see the date occurs but once."

"The cash is not sufficient to sustain one's conscience in a task like this. There may be justice in it, but her scale must have more weight than that."

"I knew that you would try to drive me. But remember that, happen what will, not an acre of the land will ever come to me. All that is in settlement, and goes with the title. Why, if I get my rights, you must know as well as I do it will scarcely come to fifteen thousand, including the old house, which is unsettled. I will give you ten per cent., fifteen hundred that will be, five hundred as soon as we can get probate, and the balance as soon as I realize. And here—you can have fifty on account of expenses."

This, as Gaston knew well enough, proved the most tempting bait of all. To a man who lives from hand to mouth—which is the true way to taste things, and to lick one's fingers deliciously—the ninepence on the nail is more than the noble in the neighborhood. Mr. Foil put his hand out, and the rest was a question of detail.

"Only one thing must be certain—without one assurance I do nothing," said Foil, at the end of a longish talk—"and that is that the new man must not turn up. If once he gets to London, all is over. He lives in some outlandish part, and he has not heard of these things yet, according to your account of him. If once he appears, it is all over with one's desire to do justice. The lawyers will be as keen as cats in their obsequiousness to him. I know what a difference it makes when a man attends to his own work. All will be sifted; nothing will pass muster. Seals will be broken, accounts pried into, dates raked up, and the deuce knows what. Their place is to fetch him without losing a day. And how do you know that they have not done it? You may find him in the house when you get home now."

"No fear of that; I have masked him well," Mr. Gaston answered, with an easy smile. "Those old fools may have tried to find him out; and find him out, in the end, they must. But it won't be done in a day, I can assure you. I can promise you at least a week without him."

"A week is not enough, nor yet a month. You know how slowly the law moves. It is not himself that we need fear—for, from all that I hear, he is an idiot—but it is the effect that his presence would have. You know all about him. You must contrive to keep him away for at least three months. Nothing can keep him from the land and the title. But if we get probate, we may snap our fingers at him as regards the part that concerns us. You can realize everything, and be off."

"My good fellow," said Gaston, roughly, "leave that part of the affair to me. Brace up your mind, and this little document, to the true chronology. I will take this copy, with the proper date upon it, and expect you with the real thing to-morrow. Then I shall place you, as my agent, in possession, and set off westward to confront the foe. I feel quite confident of defeating all their tricks, crafty humbugs as they are. Now keep yourself stiff. Do your work, and earn your money. That has always been my rule in life."

He got into a cab, and was enraged to hear a nasty buzzing in his ears, a sound as of a hive of bees at sunset after a busy August day. "Pest upon the doctor! His filthy drugs fizz in my brain. He has made me like an old jakes of eighty. If it were not for that beastly Devonshire job I would sham for a week, and they would dare touch nothing. Ha! a fine idea! With young Mills to help me, and Sarah, and old Jenkins, I might be gone three days before they found it out, and three days ought to cook his goose for him. Think! think! think! Dash me if I can think. I must have a flip to my system."

Returning to his room unseen—for some of the servants were gone to the funeral, and the rest were drinking their good health—he obtained his flip, in the form of half a tumblerful of Irish whiskey, and then, with all his color restored, and even heightened, sat down to consider his urgent condition. He was playing a desperate game, as he knew, and one that required even more of luck than skill; but either he must play it on for some stages further, or fly at once, a beggared and a banished thief. In the days when he might have laid up store from the proceeds of embezzlement he had spent as fast as he stole, being even more a gambler than a niggard. He had taken time by the forelock now so far as to seize and hide the cash-box before the intrusion of lawyers; but fully confiding in his own position, he had not destroyed all the proofs of his robberies, but had sealed up many things, and so got them sealed against him, into which he should rather have dipped his fingers. Mr. Latimer had left a trusty agent in possession, and Gaston could get hold of nothing for the moment good enough to run away with, and forego all chance of further booty. Therefore he must carry on for the present, taking his stand upon and maintaining the will of which he was executor, until it should come to the test of a law court, by which time he might be prepared to retire with competent pickings if danger arose. Of course Mr. Foil would never get more than the £50 he had jumped at, unless things went so smoothly that the proving of the will might pass without hostile curiosity.

First and foremost of all was this, to prevent the arrival of the present Earl, alias Captain Larks, alias Mr. Arthur. He might be an idiot, as Mr. Foil had said; but such is the enthusiasm of the English mind that great people generally may lose their wits without lessening the admiration due to them. So if Captain Larks now were to march up the big stairs with a basket of apples on his shoulder—which he was capable (in body and in mind) of doing, and of whistling all the way—every mind and body in the house would knock the doors down with joy and acclamation, and my duty to your lordship. For still there lingered among them legendary lore concerning him.

But the wily Gaston—who but for his violent temper might have been a first-rate rogue, equal to any of this greater generation—had so contrived things that Latimer & Emblin (although they had written to Captain Larks direct by post as "L. Arthur, Esquire," and had received, as they supposed, his answer) sent off in the wrong direction now to find that newly important client. In their books was the copy of their letter, addressed to him at "Christowell, near Exeter," followed by the copy of that very rude reply—a copy whereof had been sent to the old Earl, and had driven him to execute that hasty will, in May. To Gaston, however, it was undesirable that they should preserve the correct address, which he had given them for his own purpose; and therefore he had said: "It was a wonder almost that your letter ever found him. Nobody ever calls it 'Christowell' now, though that may have been the old name of it. 'Carswell' is the pronunciation, and the mode of spelling now in vogue." Upon this Mr. Latimer, void as yet of all suspicion, had carefully erased (with penknife and with pounce, in the diligent manner of a fine old firm) the genuine name of that very happy village, and had set it down as "Carswell." Now there are three Carswells, as Mr. Gaston knew, having taken the trouble to find out this, in the region of Devon round about the loyal city; and perhaps there may be more. At any rate, the missive, or the messenger, would have to exhaust first Carswell proper, which is a hamlet near Honiton, and then King's Carswell, and then Abbot's Carswell, which are in the neighborhood of Torquay; and when that was done in vain, it would have to be reported, and fresh instructions waited for.

"Meanwhile," thought Mr. Gaston, "short measures are needful. I shall cut down straight, screw Wenlow to the sticking-point at once, and then come back to meet scandal at my leisure. Who cares what is done in those wild parts? That gardener must be sent to the garden of Eden. The people in the distance, the far-off cousins, are a poor lot, who will jump at their good luck, and be easy enough to handle."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A STROKE OF BUSINESS.

It is all very well for strong-willed people to stand up for their rights, and to kick against their wrongs, and to shove the world out of its way to get their own. But how much more worthy of consideration (and therefore how much less likely to get it) are they who, being of a weak-willed sort, rejoice in the joys of the good folk around them, and soothe their own woes with the woes of others!

Dicky Touchwood was under urgent orders to render himself up on Monday morning, without more clothes than he could put upon his back, to the driest of all the dry-salters of Plymouth, Mr. Growgray of Stonehouse Wall. Dicky had neither strong mind, nor strong will, nor anything else very strong about him, except the desire to be pleased, and as an echo (weaker, but generally on the premises when the weather permitted it), a desire to please all who pleased him, and the echo's main refrain was "Beer—beer, after the rain, and beer again—let nobody ask for beer in vain."

When it was reported at Touchwood Park, before service-time on Sunday, that Squire Dicky was to be turned out and sent into a bacon shop—for that was what it came to—there was not a man, and much more a woman, in or around the Park, and belonging to it, who did not cry scandal, and get up in haste to see it.

Dicky was the hero of the day, and felt it. Instead of withdrawing from the public gaze, he put on his brightest apparel, and went to church with some fine independent farmers, who cared not a snap for Sir Joseph. "We'll see you through it, sir; you keep your back up," was the comfort and counsel he received on every side, and several young ladies, who had thought him "rather fast," longed to kiss him in the absence of witnesses.

"Am I to be debarred from my own son?" Lady Touchwood asked, with the concentrated essence of pathos in her voice and eyes. "Shall he be torn from my arms before I have fitted up his dressing-case? Oh, Sir Joseph, you are a willful man, and you always have your own sad way! But reflect, I implore you! ponder, I implore you, the results of this sudden and outrageous whim."

"It is not sudden, and it is no whim. I have had it in my mind for months. You know nothing of the circumstances. The boy wants pulling down; we all want pulling down, and now we shall have it with a vengeance. To-morrow I shall see the auctioneer about selling this place, which has been the ruin of me, and off we go into lodgings at Plymouth."

"After all we have done to be a credit to you!" Her ladyship burst into a wild flood of tears. Through all the hot weather she had kept her temper in her daughter's absence, so that she scarcely knew herself, and this was all the reward she got! But Sir Joseph had nothing more to say. He had put on the shabbiest clothes he could find—and he had some of most friendly shabbiness—although it was Sunday, and he ought to go to church at least once for the sake of example. He treated his partner in life to a sniff which meant, "You may cry away as long as it amuses you," and then he walked off to his own little room and locked himself up with some cash-books he had brought.

"He may starve if he likes, but you don't catch me at it," Squire Dicky exclaimed, when his sister brought him word that the table was not to be laid for dinner. "I suppose he's broke at last. I have always been expecting it, and that has made me so thrifty. I heard an old chap at Cambridge say, 'Chousing and carousing leads to out-housing,' and we shall all have to turn out to-morrow. Not that we have had much carousing, however. What blunt have you got to begin the world with, Judy?"

"I'm not going to tell you," his sister answered. "You'd get it all out of me, and spend it before the shops were open."

"Well, I'll tell you what to do. Marry old Short, and make a crib for us. I don't approve of the 'wide, wide world.' And a dry-salter I never will be; I never will be a dry-salter; sooner would I lose my liberty by putting my neck into a halter. There, I made that in church to-day with the ladies admiring my waistcoat. Not so dusty for your most obedient."

"Adversity will, indeed, have sweet uses if it fetches your slang out of you. But in reward for your brilliant stanza I will invite you to dinner to-day—in my room, at six o'clock. Mother will be there. She has been crying so, and she looks so poorly, that I can not ask your friend. He must think he has fallen among strange people to get no dinner for two days."

"Not he! He is a gentleman, and regards it as one of the ups and downs of trade. He knows that we are only tradespeople, and must dine upon the counter when the business is pressing. I have told him that we always do it when the ships are sailing, for fear of his being uncomfortable. He says that he enjoys it, but he must be off this evening by the mail from Ashburton."

"If there is anything I detest," Miss Touchwood answered, with calm pride, "it is to hear of trade continually. Trade is such a low thing; commerce is the proper word, and even that has nothing lofty in it. Make your friend understand before he goes (if so stupid a gentleman can understand) that my father has nothing to do with either trade or commerce, but is simply and solely a government contractor, moving in a very wide circle, discharging duties of the first magnitude, and commanding European confidence."

"I had better put it down, to have it right this time. I'll tell him all that on the way to the coach, and then at the tail of it I shall stick in, 'But the governor's busted up now, and must go back to the apron he began with in the shop at Plymouth.'"

"There will not be any dinner in my room to-day." Miss Touchwood spoke with dignity, and departed to preserve it.

That stern announcement compelled the young squire to hasten to his mother's room, which he had shunned all day, through terror of maternal outburst. But now he must try hard to get dinner both for himself and for his guest, who was being dismissed so curtly. And in that just enterprise he succeeded to and beyond his warmest hopes, for her ladyship, having allowed herself to be trampled on so shamefully, was now in the growing tumult of recovery and reaction.

"Sir Joseph is master of the dining-room," she said, after bedewing her son with one of the last tears left in her system; "in all high circles the master of the house is the master of the dining-room. But feminine—or, perhaps, rather, I should say, according to the way in which you look at it, masculine—license stops there, my dear. Good society has always maintained, as one of its first rules of existence, that the drawing-room is the ladies' realm. There they may do anything they like among themselves without being interfered with; they may lock the doors, they may play piano-forte, they may order up anything from the cellar that—that they can get the keys to. When your father built this house—and I am sure I wish that he had never done it to be a 'millstone round his neck,' and to turn us neck and crop out of it—I took the trouble to buy a book laying down the laws about great people—their rooms, and their dress, and their habits of feeding, and the way they behave to one another and to the people they have nothing to do with; I knew it all well enough, being of a highly respectable family myself, my dear, as you may find yet, if your poor father goes to prison; but it is a great point to have anything printed, because it must be impartial. Therefore I shall order you some dinner in the drawing-room, and come myself to see you eat it, and you will be welcome to bring in that large young man from Trinity—this trouble has driven his name out of my head—I mean, of course, the one whose bottles your dear papa kicked over."

This was managed well, and Julia, proud but not relentless, came, and the large young man from Trinity sighed, according to his magnitude, whenever he could sigh aside; for not only was he large, but tender, and the pricks of the barb that were meant to sting him had acted as with a good rump-steak—they had only made him sweeter. But feeling that he had no money, he sighed behind his handkerchief. Julia gave him several glances in her well-experienced style, soft and rich and to be cherished, so that his heart might ache quite nicely when he was a hundred miles away.

When Dicky came home in a gloomy mood, after seeing the last of his friend and hero, his mother watched for him, and found time to say a few words privately. "You are ordered to go away to-morrow, and you must show obedience. Your father is in a very dreadful state, through some heavy losses. He can not be contradicted now, and I have borne with him like an angel; but as for your going to that dry-salter, it shall never be while I have breath. Bring me the bag you put your beer in for your sporting expeditions—the one you strap across your back—and I will put you up some things; and then you shall have a good hot breakfast, and set off for Christowell before your father comes down stairs. I have written a letter to Mr. Short, begging him to be most careful about the airing of your bed. I have asked him to ride over here as early as ever he can do it, and to come in by the stable way; he will comfort me—he always does, because he knows my nature—and I shall endeavor to make him useful, as he always likes to be. It would not do to write it down, but you might say (if he should happen to ask) that poor Julia is in great distress, and has no one to rely upon."

Smelling a rat, as he coarsely put it to himself, the young man obeyed, and on the Monday morning knocked at the vicarage door, with his knapsack on, when the parson was sitting down to breakfast. "Well done! we shall have a sensation now," said Mr. Short, as Dick marched in with some contempt for people who were just come down to breakfast—"in the name of wonder, what has made a lark of such a lie-a-bed?" Then Dicky sat down and told his tale, and produced his mother's letter. In an hour's time, before Sir Joseph had his sulky meal up stairs, Parson Short was holding counsel with the lady of the house. "I have no real friend but you, and you always know what to do," she added, after full detail of woes.

The vicar knew little of commercial matters, and even less of heavy contracts, handled like a balanced pole, which may crack the operator's skull; but having shrewd sense, and more doubt of Sir Joseph's truth than of his skill, he thought it most unlikely that the great contractor had lost his balance beyond all recovery. "It is but a trick of his," he thought, "to get out of some bad job." But he could not say that to Sir Joseph's wife.

"It will all come right, depend upon it; with patience, it will all come right." He smiled as he spoke, for Lady Touchwood's faith in his wisdom was amusing. "But what can I do without the risk of fatal offense to Sir Joseph? He is not the man to put up with any meddling by—by a stranger almost to him, although an old friend of yours, and eager to be of any use to him."

"No," said the lady, "I quite see that; nobody would think of meddling with him; but it might be possible, perhaps, to ascertain what the public opinion is about it."

Public opinion had not yet arrived at its present condition of debility, when it goes with the pull of some sledge-dog journals, or the push of the man who can swear the hardest. Therefore Mr. Short did not disdain it, but asked, "Where is it to be got?"

"Only in Plymouth," said Lady Touchwood, "and I can't bear to think of such a thing."

"Of such a thing as my going to Plymouth? Why, what is that for Trumpeter? About two-and-twenty miles by the Post Bridge road; and he can have three hours' rest, while I lounge about and call upon some friends. I know a man who knows everything about the business people—I mean the highest mercantile circles—and without an inkling of my object, I can learn—you will understand—"

"Whether my husband is bankrupt, and the roof over our heads is not our own. Oh, Mr. Short, what a blessed, happy thing it is to be in the Church of England! There you can do what you like; you have your own parsonage, and your own ideas, and your own time to do nothing. Everybody looks up to you, and you go out in the morning to see what the people are about, or not to see it, if you don't like. You order your dinner, and they send you presents, and you think how much work you have done. No wonder you are wise; no wonder you can advise poor women well."

The parson laughed, though he could not think that this description of his duty did fair justice to his trials and earnest labors to maintain his place. But he knew that nothing can change a lady's opinion upon great subjects (any more than it can upon little ones), and so he slacked Trumpeter's curb three links, for a long day's work, and mounted. "This is a new turn of things, and a very nasty one, to my mind," he thought, as he struck from a bridle-lane up a combe into the old Roman road; "who can make either head or tail of the things that may come out of it? That I should be put to discover the state of Sir Joseph's affairs for his wife's satisfaction! I should have declined such a ticklish errand. It will require the greatest tact, and what I detest, some subterfuge. But he must be almost a brute to keep his own wife and children in the dark. He is playing some deep game, and recks not a rap how wretched he makes them, to suit his own ends. Perhaps my first impulse was right; but now, right or wrong, I must go through with it. Go along, Trumpeter; we are on a smooth road now."

The worthy horse put his best foot foremost, for his spirit was willing and his flesh not weak, so that they were both in Devonport ere the dock-yard men streamed forth to dinner, which is a time of the day to be trusted for rapid punctuality. Then the parson having seen his horse in comfort, and kindly received nourishment, called upon a quiet man, a Christowellian, own cousin to Mrs. Aggett's relicks—as she called her dear dead husband—and now rising steadily into social excellence as a widely esteemed ship's chandler. His name was Codd, and he was mounting into such a sphere of wholesale merit that he was beginning to nod to Sir Joseph instead of touching his hat to him, and had even shaken hands with him at Christmas times. But he did not pretend to be on a par with the vicar of the parish he was born in.

"Servant, sir," he said to Mr. Short, touching his forelock, like a Sunday-school boy; "glad to see 'e once again, sir. And how are all the good folk up to home like?"

"Pretty well, considering the long dry weather. I never saw the moor so parched before. Our people say that Colonel Westcombe's grouse have done it. But I want a little talk with you, Master Codd."

Codd was a simple, straightforward fellow, getting on slowly by dint of downright honesty, attention to business, and heed of ancient maxims. Mrs. Codd (who had been a house-maid at Lustleigh, wooed by Codd with his apron on) happened to be up stairs, engaged in the periodic increase of an honest race, and so there was freedom of tongue and of ears.

"I hope you may be wrong," said Mr. Short, as soon as he had heard the other's story, which came without any questions, for the subject was hot that day in Plymouth—"and I can not help thinking that you must be wrong. Sir Joseph Touchwood, after all his years of dexterity and of experience, should be about the last man in the kingdom to break up suddenly as you describe."

"Well, sir, I only know what I hear tell, and I heartily hope it may be wrong. Many a poor head will ache, and many a poor belly quag, if it is so bad as they tell me. And I am sorry for the poor folk round our parish. Sir Joseph hath found work for a sight of 'em in the winter-time, so the people tell me. He mightn't be altogether honest, but he hath been charitable; and if he hath failed, you may say for certain he hath failed respectably."

"That means for a big lump of money. The morals of trade are wonderful. Tell me, Codd, since it is town-talk now, where I shall have the best chance of correct particulars."

Mr. Codd told him, and the parson, with excitement most unusual to him (because he was full of things larger than money), hastened to the gentleman who knew all about it, according to his own belief and that of all the public. This gentleman was not inclined, however, to impart the smallest decimal of his knowledge until Mr. Short spoke very plainly to him, and declared what he was prepared to do. It then became the duty of the business man to come down with the truth to the utmost of his knowledge, and the parson thanked him and went to fetch his horse. Then his horse fetched him at such a pace (because he was on the homeward road, and his shoes were got into wearing) that it was not dark to a clear-eyed man when the parson of Christowell pulled the bell of the great front door of the Touchwood house. "I want to see your master himself," he said.

"You can't see Sir Joseph, sir, I fear, just now. He is not very well to-day, and he keeps his room."

"Then let me see him in his room. I simply insist upon seeing him. Show me where he is, without any message."

The man obeyed, for he held Mr. Short in some awe, for various reasons; and presently the vicar was face to face with the great contractor in his private room.

"Mr. Short? Ah!" Sir Joseph spoke mildly, after closing his mighty oak desk with a bang, to indicate sense of intrusion. "Important business, Mr. Short?"

"That depends entirely upon how you take it. You may think me foolish, but not impertinent, when you have heard what I have to say."

"Sit down and say it, my good sir. You are the last man to be impertinent."

"Very well. You are a man of business, Sir Joseph, and so am I in my little way. To-day I happened to be in Plymouth"—Mr. Short colored at this highly colored version of the fact—"and there I heard things which grieved me. I heard that your firm, the first in the west of England, was in difficulties."

"Oh, they say that, do they? Very well, supposing it to be so, we are not in your debt that I'm aware of."

"No, you owe nothing to me; but I owe something to you, after many years of hospitality and kindness. And now you can do me another kindness by letting me make a good investment. I have long been looking for a sound investment for £25,000, which came to me about two years ago. If I may place it at fair interest with you, I shall be under a deep obligation."

"What you mean to say is that you will have placed me under a deep obligation?"

"I mean what I say. I have perfect confidence in your sagacity and enterprise. I know that the sum which I mention is nothing in vast affairs such as you conduct; but I wish to secure for myself a good chance, however selfish it may be of me. If you think five per cent. too much—"

"Fifty per cent. would not be enough for money invested in a falling house. Sir, you have made me very grateful to you for your faith in me and most friendly offer. I shall never forget it while I live, for not one of my best friends has come to do it; but I am happy to tell you, Mr. Short, that my business is as good as ever, and that I can put a guinea on the top of every shilling I owe in the world. I tell you this in strict confidence, for I wish to mislead my own family. It is high time to stop their most reckless profusion, and to pull them up sharply upon their marrow-bones. I have not said a word that they can lay hold of. I have left both them and the public to form their own opinions about my affairs, because it suits me, at this time, that both should be certain of my bankruptcy. Concerning the public I will not tell you why, though it is a legitimate enterprise; but concerning my family you know as well as I do that they winnow my gatherings on every wind of whimsy. I have pulled them up, and I shall keep them so, if you respect my secret. It was my good wife who sent you to Plymouth. Tell her exactly what you heard there."

Mr. Short was a little surprised, and showed it. He thought that he had got away most cleanly on his Plymouth expedition, and accomplished it most cleverly. But here was the subject of it looking at him as if he had been the ordaining cause. Sir Joseph smiled, and took the upper hand again.

"Tell her exactly what you heard, and let her have a night of it. I have had many a night of tossing with the way they have scattered my substance. It is time for them to have a turn. Short, you are very wise to be a settled bachelor. Good-by; I shall bear in mind your kindness, though."

"Henceforth that man is my steadfast friend," thought the parson, as he went down stairs; "also, he thinks highly of me for having so much cash to spare. But my part is difficult, none the less. I must not allow it to be imagined. And then there is this puzzle about poor Dicky. Ah, Lady Touchwood, well met indeed! I was coming to look for you quietly."

Her ladyship thought he had just arrived, for she saw his horse led to and fro by a groom. "Come in, and tell me all," she said; "I can bear the worst better than this suspense."

Being bound by her husband's confidence, he could tell her only what they said at Plymouth. But, seeing her deep distress, he could not help adding some words of comfort.

"You know that I do not say things rashly. I am sure that all this is grossly magnified by malice and envy. You will see Sir Joseph rise above it like a lion, or rather perhaps an eagle, and it will have done good to your spirited son to be restricted for a while in cash and credit and sportive joys. I will feed him as well as he ought to be fed in the proper course of dry-salting; and I will borrow a gun, having only one left, and walk him off his legs with Nous. He shall stay with me till this little breeze is over, for I am not afraid of Sir Joseph."

CHAPTER XLIX.

CRANMERE.

"'Tis a terrible rough road, sir," said the famous Mr. Perrott, of Chagford—not then so widely known as now, but already called "The Dartmoor guide"—"or rather, I should say, no road at all, after you be past Kestor Rocks. But you can't miss the way, without a fog comes on, if you go according to my directions."

"They are clear enough, and I am no fool. After passing Kestor I see Watern Tor about two miles to the west, the one with the hole in it, which thou sayest a man of great stature can ride through. When I get there, I go southwest, and cross the Walla Brook, as thou hast called it, and then over some rough ground to another little stream, which is the head-water of the Taw, and then over a hill to Cranmere Pool."

"You've got it as right as can be, sir; but you can't get to Cranmere very well on horseback, even now that the bogs be down so. In the winter-time 'tis a bad job afoot without you know the ground as I do. But now, if you go heedful, there isn't much to risk; for the oldest man never knew the moor dried up so. All the black places are safe enough now, for the crust is firm on the top of them. And wherever the rushes grow you can step freely; but you must have a care of the bright green moss; for it won't hold a dog up, let alone a heavy man. But you better let me come with you, sir, though I'm not very fond of Sunday jobs. You may be within a score lanyards of Cranmere and never find 'un after all. I've known a party beat about the hill all day, and come home and swear there was no Cranmere."

"Spare me that rubbish, friend, unless thou art afraid that this queer-looking horse of thine will break down."

"Charlie break down! Not unless you throw him. Charlie will travel threescore miles a day without bit or sup. He is true forest breed. Only you put him up where I told you. But mind you one thing. No weather won't hurt Charlie, but it may hurt you, sir. And to my mind the weather will break up before the day is out."

The elderly gentleman, as he appeared (who had slept last night at the Three Crowns Inn, and hired Mr. Perrott's best horse for the day), set off, without answer, at a good round trot, with the murky morning sun behind him, and the heavy dry air slowly waving the silvery locks beneath his broad-brimmed hat.

That spirited explorer, Mr. Gaston, rode on apace to the bridge across South Teign and then through Teigncombe to the foot of Kestor, where all road failed him, and the wild moor lay around. Then he pulled off his hot Quaker hat and hotter wig (both of which he had bought at Exeter), and hiding them in a deep tuft of bracken at the foot of a tall rock which he would know again, wiped his warm forehead, and used hot language concerning the state of the weather. Then he drew from his pocket a folded cap, to cover his tawny cropped head from flies, and getting upon Charlie set forth again.

Gaston left his horse at length in an old peat hut, and strode on. He was rather quick of step for a man of ripe size and no feather-weight, but he found the travelling full of travail, as he sought for "the mother of waters." It is generally supposed (with as much of truth as there is in general opinions) that five rivers have their fountains here—as if five Naiads could live together! But five get out of the ground within the space of one square mile, perhaps; and the earth, in the power of such production, cracks and splits like a thin-skinned fig. Especially on the eastern side (from which Mr. Gaston was striving to get in) deep black channels interlacing one another, and lapped with heath, required great outlay of long leaps, or much light downing and heavy upping of boots incrusted with the cake of mire—as wearisome a plod as a light foot can go through with, or a heavy one get stodged in, with much aching of the knee-caps. George Gaston began to lose courage, and bad temper took the place of it. His great square jaws began to work like those of a panting bull-dog, and his cheeks darkened into the color of peat-water where it is suffused with iron. For his recent illness had left its traces both upon countenance and in limb.

Suddenly springing from a channel of black ooze, in a labyrinth of deep gullies roofed with sedge and heath, he stood face to face with a man who had risen from a bog seam to the same quivering crest. "Who are you?" cried Gaston, pulling out a big horse-pistol.

"You needn't shoot me," replied the other; "I am only going home, sir, and I won't hurt you."

Ashamed of his flurry, Mr. Gaston muttered something about the notorious robbers on the moor, while he narrowly observed the stranger—a grizzled man, something over fifty years of age, embrowned by the sun, and deeply scarred upon one cheek. He was tall and active, and straight of figure, and carried a bundle on a ground-ash stick, while he failed not to return with interest the inquiring gaze which he received.

"If you know this beastly country," said Gaston, "I wish you would show me where Cranmere is. I must have been hunting for it at least two hours, and as yet am no wiser than when I began. A bumpkin told me that 'he hideth himself,' and so he seems to do with a vengeance."

"I used to know it well enough," was the answer; "but the ground is so quaggy that the landmarks shift. However, I dare say that I can find it; but when you get there, there is nothing to see."

"I wonder who you are? I should be very glad to know," cried Gaston, as he followed, with some trouble, the long light stride of the stranger.

"It may seem an odd thing, sir, but the very same idea came into my head about you. Here we are; this is the place they make a fuss about. Ah, they haven't seen the world, as I have!"

Rightly had he said, indeed, that there was not much to see there. In spite of the drought there was water then (which has since disappeared, through some tapping of the peat), but the water was not large enough to cast any light or life around. The only comfort to the heart of the persevering traveller was that he never henceforth could be in a more uncomfortable spot.

"Thank you," said Mr. Gaston, briskly; "it has fulfilled my expectations. One thing certain in our life is to find everything misdescribed. The Fleet Ditch, according to my recollections, presents a more striking scene than this, and the smell of dead stuff is less lively here. Good-by, my fine fellow; don't let me detain you. It is a Sunday morning, and if there is a place that won't let me in, I shall sit down to moralize. Would you like to have anything for your trouble, or are you superior to such thoughts?"

Without any answer, his guide departed, being a rough man of the world, who had learned to form dislikes with swiftness, and to express them slowly. Among the black rifts of the wild he disappeared, as if he had sunk into the earth; while Gaston sat down upon a tuft of rusty heath, and his heart became as dismal as the dreariness around. He had worked very hard, and beyond his weakened health, to secure his own purpose—which was good in his own eyes; and he thought it very hard that his fortune should have driven him into a place so lowering. For a resolute man of that sort rejoices in stiff hills and steep valleys, but finds no pleasure in a vast expanse hovering between hill and valley.

"How much longer shall I beat about the bush? The sky is thickening over; there is no time to spare. To be caught in a storm here would be a frightful thing."

Rising, he shook his heavy shoulders and big neck, for the weight of the drowsy air bowed his head; and then he whistled thrice upon his nails with a sound like the call of a curlew. In less than two minutes a rough, dark man was striding through the swamp toward the pool, the style of whose dress was not church-going.

They saluted each other without much good-will or courtesy of expression, and then the last comer sat down, and crossed his legs and stared at his visitor complacently.

"You are not at all the thing, my city friend," he said; "you want a course of Dartmoor. London life, gambling, and hot whiskey play old Harry with the constitution. If nature had gifted you with a delicate complexion, what an interesting subject you would be! Come down and live under the peat with me. Dry, genial, bracing quarters. I will board you for a fortnight for ten pounds."

"There is no time for rubbish. I am come to know why you have forsworn yourself."

"There are many legal axioms that might be quoted. A bad oath is honored by the breach. And again, no man is bound to the impossible."

"What impossibility has there been? That would be the only excuse for you. Unless you can prove that to my satisfaction, things will go badly with you, Master Wenlow."

"Threats become a joke," replied the other, with a smile, "when the threatener is wholly in the power of the threatened one. You have gallantly ventured into the lion's den, and without my permission you can not go forth. You are covered by a carbine where you sit, and to shoot me would only bring your own death-shot. Look round as much as you like, George Gaston, but you will not see my noble mate. Now listen to sound reason, and attempt no threats. I went to carry out my agreement with you, but the man's daughter came between us. Could even you have slain him in the presence of his child? If you could, take the job out of my hands altogether. Why don't you do so? for the crime is just the same. But I suppose you can not trust your eye, like mine."

"I suppose so," returned Gaston, for he wished to skip that question; "at any rate, you must do it quite alone. You must not take that other ruffian with you."

"What ruffian, George Gaston?—oh, I see, you mean my friend, who is watching my interests! No, he knows nothing of this little by-play; he is under a cloud, but he never could bring himself to shoot an honest man, as you or I might do; but he might shoot you. Ah, it is not complimentary! But you don't stand upon such trifles now."

"I am here upon business, and not for ribald arguing. You are entirely outside the world—you have no chance of returning to it in this stiff little kingdom. I offer you the chance of a new world, where you may start anew, and cultivate your much-neglected virtues, rise in position, found a family, and look back upon this boggy period as no more than a black dream gone by. In exchange for all those blessings you have simply to remove one worthless life—a life extinguished in disgrace already, tired of itself, and desirous to depart. And what is that to you, who have taken two already?"

Gaston's brutal cynicism foiled itself; without those last words he might perhaps have conquered, for the other man was desperate, and well-nigh sunk into that black depth of our nature in which we scorn our lives, our brethren's, and that of him who gave them; but the sense of wrong was in him still, though the sense of right was moidered.

"It is a lie, a gross lie!" he shouted, overbearing Gaston with the fury of his eyes, as he pressed down his shoulders with the power of his hands. "They died through me, but I did not kill them. If anybody knows the truth, you know it; without you, none of it would have happened. Gaston, I believed that there was no devil, but when I look at you I am sure there is one."

"Once more, there is no time for bandying words. You have failed of your promise, so that the enemy is preparing to start to-morrow. If he once gets to London, he will cause the greatest trouble. This very day you must carry out the matter; you know his ways as no one else does. Do it, and be off to-night for Falmouth. There you shall have your passage-money to New York, and five hundred clear to make your fortune with."

"It can not be done for the money. Five hundred! A thousand is the very least that I will hear of."

"It is out of my power. I can not do it for the moment. But you shall have security for the other five hundred in six months' time; that will be much better for you than to have it all at once."

"A thousand thanks for such thoughtful kindness; but now, as you have no time to lose, understand me. You say that I have taken two lives already. Very well, that is enough for one lifetime. I will have nothing to do with this murder. I have done many bad things, but nothing quite so villainous. Go and do it yourself, George Gaston; you may trust my honor not to peach."

"Scoundrel! after all that I have done—"

"Hard words break no bones, my friend. Pop at me if you like, but first look round and see my body-guard, as dead a shot as I am. Mike, stand up; our friend is pugnacious. Ah, now you are wise; to shoot me would never help you. One word of counsel in return, my friend. I have seen you rather nervous in a thunder-storm; well, the heaviest and biggest there has been for generations is gathering in the southeast now. If you are caught upon the moor, and lose your head, you will certainly get bogged, unless the lightning saves the trouble. Farewell, George; we shall never meet again! If I were revengeful, you would not go so."

Without further ceremony, off he walked, and vanished in a shaggy cloof beside the black morass, while Gaston stared with disappointment, wonder, and fierce anger.

CHAPTER L.

SEEKING REFUGE.

Abandoned thus in this desert place (the most "unkid," both to see and feel, within the British Kingdom), Mr. Gaston lost his temper—or rather found and gave way to it—for the valuable space of half an hour. He was not weak enough to suppose that powerful language has power upon facts, but he was amply weak enough to find comfort in the free trade of words called "swearing." Then his spirit came back to him much refreshed; and that his bodily strength might tally, he put away one pistol and pulled out another, whose charge was liquid, and discharged it.

Overhead, for the moment, the dull air lifted, and a little yellow light streamed down; but before the hope of this grew constant, a low growl trembled far away.

"Tush! it is those fools firing at Plymouth—admiral come out of church, or something. They are always making some row there. I will get out of this beastly oven. Two cannon-shot never come into one hole. A man who has been struck by lightning once must be free of it, like small-pox. Those fellows who call themselves 'electricians' are nothing but thundering quacks, after all. How can there be any special attraction in certain persons, etc.? Bah! I don't believe a word of it. Besides, I don't believe there will be a storm at all; and if there is, it will draw to the highest spots, like Yes Tor. George Gaston is not going to be terrified for nothing in this crisis of his fortunes. Forth among the blessed bogs again! I am beginning to understand them."

This sanguine view of the position restored the deep red color to his cheeks, which lasted for an hour or more, while he plodded on right stubbornly over and through the shaggy fen growth, scorched at the top and sodden at the bottom. Then he came to a little dark-eyed runnel, stealing from its cradle head with tottering uncertainty, and tumbling into little flutters, where it lay and rested. "This ought to be the Taw, but I am much afraid it isn't," thought Gaston, pursuing its direction for a moment; "instead of the Taw it is the Tavy, I believe; and instead of getting near my horse, I must have gone away from him."

A sudden shift of the panting air and wavering light had misled him; for the track of the sun was now lost in the sky as completely as if he were quagmired, while a flit of tawny haze obscured the coronet of distinctive tors. In a rage with himself and the weather and the world, he turned upon his track at the head of Tavy Cleave, and making a correct landcast this time, found his way to the fountains of the Taw and to the peat-shed. Here Mr. Perrott's stout horse Charlie was getting uneasy about the weather, and had well-nigh jerked his bridle off. With gladness he accepted Mr. Gaston's weight, and set his head toward the Chagford stable.

The willing horse made play with vigor and with gayety among the rugged bowlders and the combings of the tussocks, and the tiring softness of the many oozy tangles, till the roughness of the ground and breathless burden of the air began to tell upon his lathered flanks, and legs that wanted scraping. He panted with long labor, and began to hang his head down as he carefully put foot after foot on the steppy rise that winds along the breast of Watern Tor. There Gaston halted him upon a rocky platform, and took a careful survey of the wild and threatening prospect. It was rightly manifest by this time, both to man and beast, that a great turmoil of the world above them was preparing to break loose. Over the heights dark clouds were piling, like sacks upon a wool-comber's wain; in the deep glens heat fogs still were huddling, while along the followings and ins and outs of landscape a confusion of the settlement of light and shade was moving.

Mr. Gaston felt his hair prick up, and the whole of his system teem with fear. He looked for the Kester Rocks, the most conspicuous height in front of him, and lo, they were covered with a roll of tempest, letting down large loops of gray. His spirit failed within him and his heart sunk low, and he deeply wished for a cellar or a cave in the bowels of the wholesome earth. He durst not go for his broad-brimmed hat and wig concealed in the bracken, but urged his reluctant horse out of the homeward track and down to the low ground. This led him to the source of the South Teign, and so along some winding bottoms to the Moreton road. Gaston, in his terror, would have been too glad to set off at full gallop for Moreton, and as it was he followed that road for some distance, until it began to mount a cloud-capped hill, another nucleus of the storm. For, according to all accounts of that great tempest, it differed from all others within memory, not only in power and extent, but also in the manner of its formation, for it neither came with the wind nor against it (although first appearing perhaps in the southeast), but accumulated gradually round the whole horizon, converging steadfastly toward the zenith, and compassing (as with a great black tent) the whole of the moor, till it filled it all with fire.

"Away now for 'The Raven!' what a fool not to have thought of it!" he whispered to himself, for he feared to speak aloud, as if it might have brought down the impending thunder-crash. "This hollow must lead toward it, and there is deep shelter there. Get along, you old screw! what are you afraid of? The proper thing for you is a stout crab-stick."

Suddenly was heard a pleasant sound—the sound of a bell, calling people to church. Clearly enough it was a large, rich bell, a long way off, in some high tower, melodiously, with measured swing, inviting all of a quiet mind to hear good words in a holy place. Through the menace of the brooding storm and deepening awe of cloud and crag the mellow tone came, gently varying with the ebb and flow of sound. To a youthful sinner, scared and checked, it might have been like the pulse of mercy, or throb of some good angel's heart.

But this old offender had no such thoughts. All his misgivings were of the body. If church or chapel would save his body, that was the right place for him. He pulled up the horse, and with his hand spread from his eyebrows, peered along the hovering arcade of storm. Rising from the lower level half a league or so away, and not as yet enveloped in the cloud-mass of the moor, was a shapely tower of fair granite, the finest and best-proportioned piece of masonry round Dartmoor. Successful miners had built it, as their free thank-offering to the Lord, in the days when men were not too proud to believe in a Power over them. It was the tower of Christowell; the bell with native silver rich, the largest of the seven, ceased calling, and the four-o'clock service was begun.

"It must be more than twenty years since I saw the inside of a church," thought Gaston; "but any port in a storm, we say, and nobody knows me hereabout, and if they did, it would all tell for me. Larks will not be there, of course. But I will not go if I can help it. On for 'The Raven,' if we can. When the storm is gone by, my time will come."

He was keeping to the right to pass the church afar, and get into a track below the crest, when the volume of the storm came sweeping toward him like a rolling up of heaven. "We will hasten to the house of the Lord," he cried, in a stupor of wild ribaldry, shot across with memory of childhood's faith, and of kneeling beside his mother. In a few minutes he was at the church-yard gate, where the coffins rested in bad weather, and he pulled the trembling horse in through, and knotted the bridle on a tombstone.

They were singing the psalm before the sermon with an unusual depth of voice, encouraging one another partly, as they do at funerals. Each man, with his open mouth, looked hard at his neighbor growing dark to him; and the women in the lower row held hands, to keep their voices. A peculiar smell oppressed the church, as if the dead were rising.

The great west door, beneath the tower, was open, where the bell-ropes hung, with the frayed hemp glistening in the darkness like so many hangman's nooses. Gaston stole his way between them to the pillar of the western arch, and slipped into the church unseen; for every mind was overborne with a heavy load of doubt and fear, and every eye was cowering at the creeping shades of roof and wall.

The vicar with a slow and solemn step went up the winding pulpit stairs, every rustle of his surplice sounding through the breathless hush around; and when he knelt for his own silent prayer upon the cushion, the murmuring of the Christow brook came in at the chancel window, and was heard throughout the church by many who had never heard it there before, and never should hear it anywhere again.

The parson's voice was trembling slightly, not from fear, but solemn awe, as he pronounced his text, the prayer of David in the hour of dread—"Let me fall into the hand of the Lord." Before he had pronounced it twice, thick blackness fell upon roof and window, pillar, arch, and sepulchral stone. A man could scarcely see his wife or little ones at his elbow; mothers caught their children up, to be sure of being near them, and the preacher's voice came out of night.

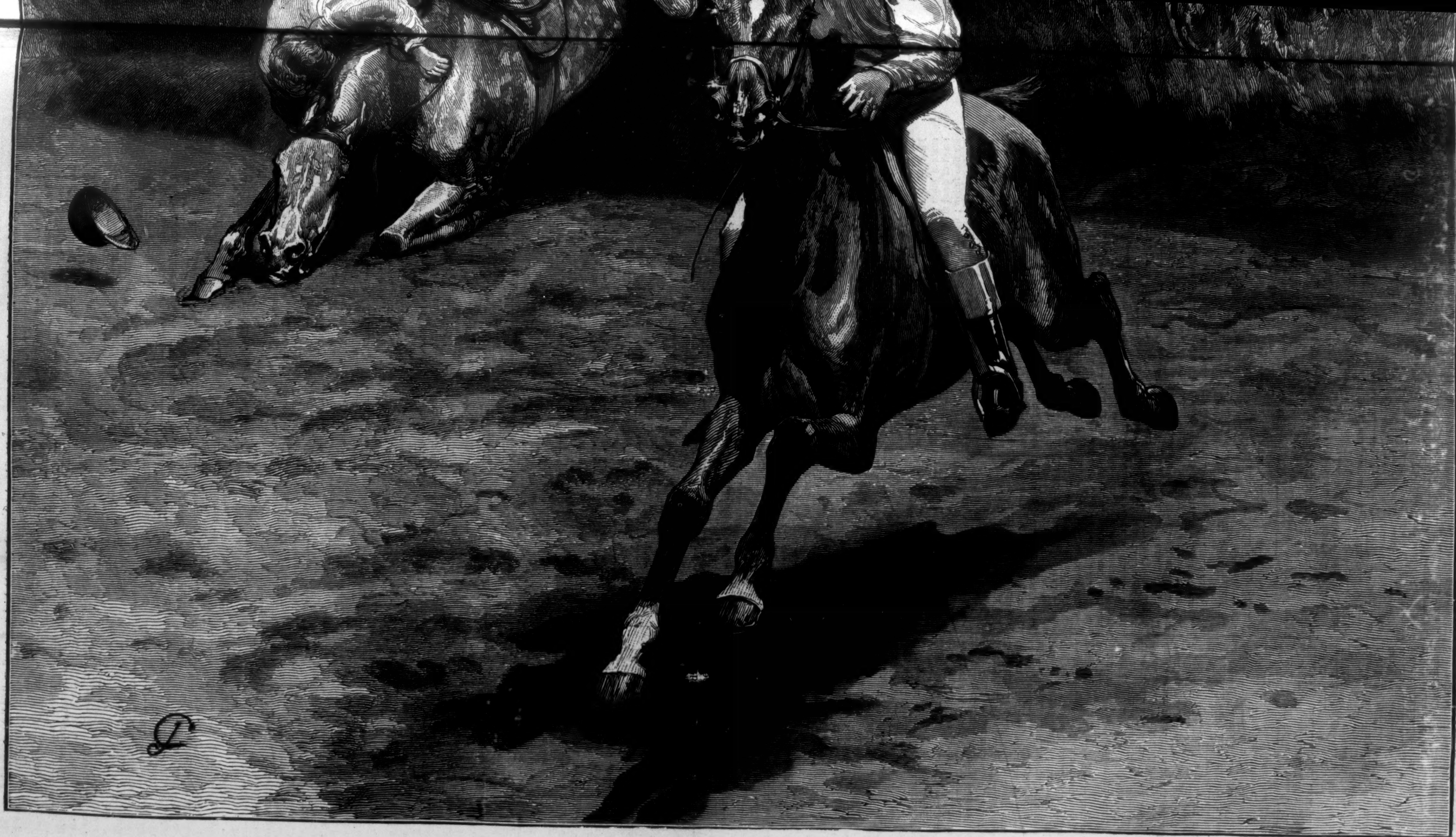
In this last moment of his life Mr. Gaston knew not what he did. Supreme terror held him, soul and body, while his blood like a boiling fountain rose. A delicate figure, dressed in white, stood near him at the column's base. Trembling so that he could not stand, he spread one hand before his eyes, with the elbow on a ledge for books. Then his other hand came forth and clasped, in the wild hope of some saving power, the skirt of a gentle maiden. It was Rose who stood with her form so straight, and her face as firm as marble; the daughter of the man he was come here to murder!

Then fell the greatest crash of tempest ever known in England. The tower was cleft, the church was fire, the people cast like blasted straws. The roof flew wide, the pillars snapped, the timbers fell like cobwebs, and the walls were rent as a bladder bursts. Pitchy night and stifling vapor shrouded all who were unconsumed.

This was not for one moment only, but (if any human reckoning of such time were possible) to count it by the things that happened, makes five minutes of it. For instance, there were eight boys piled upon the communion table, who after their dinner had been at school, and were sitting round the altar rails. They all got off when their senses returned—which could not have happened immediately—and then another electric fling, though less severe, replaced them. Also it is quite certain that a man who was surviving (being Thomas Read, the warrener) made the first attempt to go out of church, with his brindled dog covered in sulphur sparks sniffing the way in front of him. But when the dog came to the arch of the tower, where a man was sitting steadfastly, he was caught up and whirled seven times round, and cast upon the step into the tower as dead as if he never had been born. This made Thomas Read draw back, and saved him from an unripe end; for the bier of the church, with its six legs flying, went by him like artillery practice, and must have passed through the chancel window, being found in the thatch of a linhay below, when the burials were done without it.

All who got over it are agreed that it must have gone on for at least five minutes, and some say a great deal more than that. It began with a great ball of fire descending and splitting the north side of the tower, then scorching all the bell-ropes, and passing up the nave after killing one man in the archway. Then it killed another man, with his head against a stone, by driving his skull into the granite, took all the hair off an elderly woman (which did not belong to her), and then parted into a big globe and a small one, the big going out through the roof, and the small one through the chancel window.

After that, nobody knows what happened; for they all fell down upon their faces, with the thundering of stones and beams above them, and conviction of the Judgment day. In the stench of sulphur men held breath, and women chewed their handkerchiefs. Through the wood-work of the pews they could see the lightning, to and fro, like clotted snakes; and a roar (like an overshot wheel in a flood) rang along their backbones. For it was not one explosion only, but a continuous rush and blaze, of which there



STEEPLE-CHASING.

is only one other instance* recorded in this country—a volume of solid fire, like that fearful power "field-lightning," which wraps with flame a league of herbage in the Jura Mountains.

When the worst was gone, but the shattered building filled with blue sulphureous mist and smother of bitumen, the first to stand up was Farmer Willum, being the parish warden. "Neighbors, in the name of God, shall us venture forth, as many as be alive of us?" he asked, for he could not see the parson through the thickness of the air. But Mr. Short stood up in the pulpit unharmed, and without any sign of fire; and he said, with a resolute voice, "Not so; first let us thank the Lord, who has preserved us; and then let us pray, that our courage may return." With great presence of mind he put by his sermon to do for the next Sunday afternoon, when he added some most impressive words. One of the covers had been consumed, and the other bore the image of a death's-head upon it, stamped by the lightning or the fire-ball. To the present day it is as plain as ever; and it has been declared by all who knew him to be the head of George Gaston.

CHAPTER LI.

SENT TO JUDGMENT.

THE reason why Rose was sitting by the western arch, instead of in her father's pew, was simply that she had been late for the service, and did not like to disturb anybody. Her father staid at home, preparing for that journey to London which he could no longer put off, although he knew not even now the full urgency of the case, because the clerk dispatched by Latimer & Emblin had failed as yet to find him. But he now was aware of his father's death; and loath as he was to claim his own position, he could not but feel that his duty to Rose compelled him to come forward.

He would have kept Rose at home as well, because of the threatening weather, but she begged so hard to go, for this last time, and promised so sincerely to escape the rain, if any, that she got her own way, as usual. But the Captain could not help thinking that he had been very foolish in letting her go. As the sky grew darker and darker, his heart became more and more uneasy, until he could not stay in the house, but must go forth to see things. What he saw from the spur of the hill enforced his fear upon him mightily, for the church, betwixt him and the village, was wattled round with thick black clouds, rolling about it spirally. Then it seemed to be swallowed up, with one vast roar, as if the earth closed over it; and then it re-appeared with shattered ribs, and liquid fire running through them like a metal foundry. It looked impossible after that for any one to be alive inside.

With a crawling heart the Captain ran as fast as ever his legs would go, not so much to save his dear child's life as to drag her body from the flames. Church and church-yard, all alike, appeared to be one mass of fire, which may have been the effect of the sulphur, covering all things with blue reek. He would have rushed into the church before the force of the crash was over—which also shows that it lasted long—and perhaps he would thus have lost his life; but the western doors (having square studs of iron) were torn from their hinges and flung across the way. The same thing had happened to the side door on the north; but that not being so heavy, Captain Larks was enabled to drive a way through with his foot; and he was setting off for his own pew, through the mist and crush of everything—the last explosion of the air which slew the poor dog being over—when he saw close to him a soft white figure; and there was his daughter in his arms!

Her beautiful hair had been shed all round her, and she cried a good deal, as might be expected, and her hands and face were deadly cold. But beyond that, and her clinging to him (as was natural to life, in so much death), nobody could have guessed, to see her, that she had been in the middle of a fire-ball. Yet that is truly no exaggeration; let those explain it who can do so.

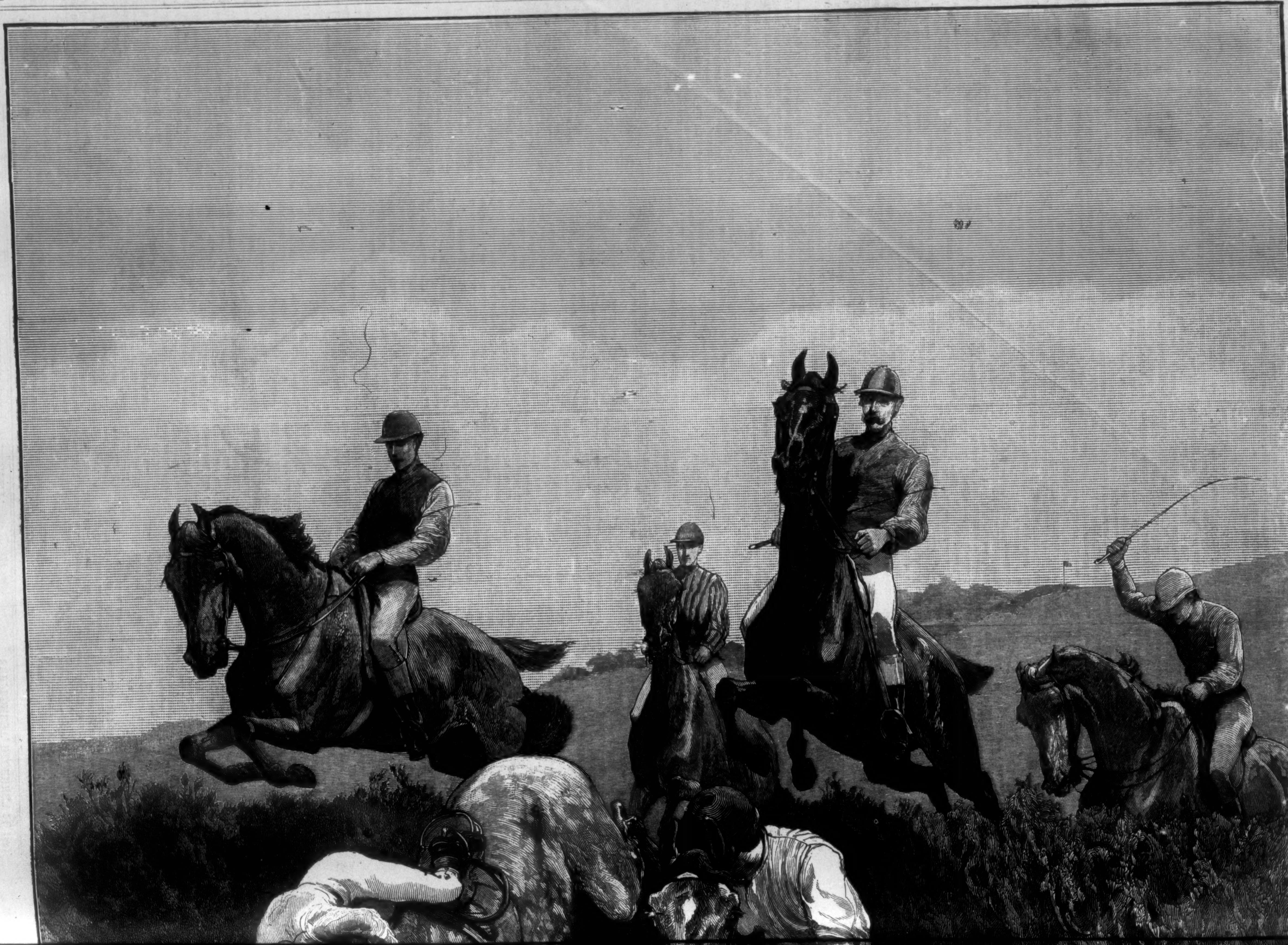
"Why don't you come away, my darling?" asked the Captain, who was weeping also, in this great relief of heart. "Darling, there will be floods of rain almost instantly. Do come."

"Father, this poor man holds my dress, and I fear that he is not well," she said, pointing round the granite plinth. "He was frightened a great deal more than I was, and I hope the Lord has spared him."

But the Lord had not done that, according at least to our ideas. The Captain put forth his hand and laid it, through an especial thickness of air, upon the head of a man who was sitting forward, propped by his elbow on a desk. The scalp of the man was there, with hair as stiff as wire upon it; also his countenance shining blue, and set in the form of a coffin, as it had been in his boyhood. But his brains were gone, and lay behind him in a gray heap on the flags, like badly boiled potatoes. "Come away, my darling," said the Captain, detaching the dead hand from her dress, and getting between, that she might not see; "he is frightfully stunned. We will go with all haste and send the doctor to him." Rose obeyed, with a long-drawn sigh, for the scene was not for a female.

---

* The great storm at Widdecombe-in-the-Moor, Sunday, October 21, 1638.



Then began the most furious rain ever known even on Dartmoor. It must have burst forth on the heights ere this, for the Christow was coming down like a brown wall jutted on the crest with jags of rock. Three months of drought were to be made up, and nature spared no effort toward it. Rose and her father were drenched before they passed through the gate of their meadow; and the moment they had crossed the drawbridge a dash of flood-wave carried it away. Till the morning they were quite cut off from chance of hearing any more than the roll of deluged thunder and the rushing of the flood.

But in the morning courage came to the stunned and battered village, and the quiet runs of shadow, where poor people live and are content. Many a cottage not so tall as to invite the lightning, nor so big as to challenge the wind-blast, had been robbed of long paternal comforts and of high maternal pride—settles, wool-chairs, feather-beds, dishes "dowered with" a gravy-well, and Britannia-metal tea-pots—by the roaring felony of the little brook that scarcely filled their kettles when they went to church. And worse than that, ten times as bad, there was scarcely a cot, accustomed to soft gossip and charitable desire to know all about its neighbors, that was not full of scalding groans, and quick pain rolling in greased lint. In this deep trouble of the wounded and the dying there appeared a hero and a heroine; or, to put it more correctly, all the good deeds done centred by attraction round those two, as in classic mythology, and in every British crisis—and the pair were Dicky Touchwood and Sporetta Perperaps.

Poor Squire Dicky, still in exile at the vicarage and stanch in his scorn of dry-salterism, had escaped the worst issue of that great electric force by the perfect formation of his feet. Of this he was not at the moment aware; but his mother proved it afterward. It appears that the lightning ran under his insteps, which were arched by nature (almost like those of all young ladies now), and instead of tearing, it only tossed him, like the lad of pith he was. Coming down happily on all fours, he was not only unhurt, but filled with activity, hitherto undeveloped, though latent in his system, as a close observer might have judged from his manner of dancing one foot. And few of the many strange facts recorded concerning that great commotion of the elements are stranger than the permanent change effected in the nature of Squire Dicky. Unscientific persons might ascribe that effect to other causes—alarm, for instance, at his father's conduct, or daily intercourse with Parson Short, or the fright of the storm and the narrow escape, or the saddening power of deep suffering around. But science is always correct, and allows no room for any but its own opinion; and science declared that the organic substances, and protoplastic synthesis of psychic neontology, in that portion of the Cantab which was called his mind, had (through the agency of thermo-electric currents) undergone a process of precipitation not impossibly combined with fusion, which—to put it in plain English—had made him much less of a fool than he was.

Thus, when five men could not lift the beam which had dropped between the parson and the clerk, jamming Mr. Short up in the pulpit, so that he could not help others or himself, it was young Squire Dicky to whom it first occurred that there is in this country a tool called a saw. Neither did any one else perceive, until he impressed it on them, that the first attention should be given to the living, and not to those who were beyond all help; for the poor folk were scared out of all possession by this roaring fury of the Evil One.

For as soon as the people who escaped from church told their story to the people who had stayed at home, they found out the meaning of all that had happened, which they could not in any way account for before without thinking ill of the house of the Lord. But now it was much to the credit of the church that its principal enemy had been inside it. For the blacksmith of Christowell, a long-haired, grimy man, never known to go to church or chapel, had been visited by Satan some years back, while swearing very hard because he could not get a ploughshare into form. He was panting by his bellows, and his quart of beer was empty, when the Evil One stood by him with an apron on, and said: "I will do it for you, Josiah, for a very little manners on your part. Promise me that if you go to sleep in church, I may pass my fingers through your hair." "Done!" replied the blacksmith; "for I never go to church." Then the stranger touched the ploughshare with one finger, and it smoked, and bent like a hedger's glove into the shape required. For seven years Josiah carried on his business without going to sleep in any church whatever, because he remained outside of the door.

But when he lost his wife, his daughter Betsy did persuade him to come to church with her on the Sunday next the funeral, to show their black clothes, as all respectable folk do. The weather was so drowsy, and the church so hot, that his head began to nod toward his knees, and then he put his elbows on his new black breeches, and his chin between his thumbs, and could not help snoring. Then there was seen at the "Three Horseshoes" a lean dark figure on a tall black horse. He called for a quart of ale; and it was noticed by the maid who served him that it hissed down his throat like the quenching of hot iron, and the pot smelled of brimstone ever afterward. When he came to the church-yard, he threw the horse's bridle on the tombstone of a man who had cut his own throat; then striding in through the west arch, with smoke around him, passed his hand through the long hair of Josiah, and vanished up the tower, which he cleft in twain with a tremendous thunder-clap.

This tale had been proved to be over-true by a man upon the road, where the air was clearer, who could swear, if it was his dying day, that while the great roar was going on a horse with broken bridle flashed by him like a mad thing; and Mr. Perrott knows that his good nag Charlie came piteously crying to get in that night, drenched and foundered, and most eager to relate adventures as yet not in human language.

Moreover, the blacksmith's corpse was found more than ten lanyards from the church, where it certainly never could have fetched itself.

Miss Perperaps escaped even more completely than the gallant Cantab, simply by not being there at all, but attending to poor Mrs. Sage, who still suffered from the spines of the hedgehog, on account of her age. Also, her father had exercised the medical privilege of contemplating the sacred building externally. And now these two labored in their vocation, earning quantities of money which never were paid—except that the doctor was wise enough not to part without the money down with a single one of his prophylactic antiphlogistic pillules, without which no person in Christowell ventured near a cloud of any sort that winter.

One of the most severely scorched of the sixty-two who got over it was poor Samuel Slowbury; and this was all the more hard upon him because he came very much against his will, and only to oblige his wife by getting rid of Achan's curse. He had pledged himself on his father's Bible, to escape bad dreams, and scoldings even worse, that he would slip into the church-bag that day, done up in brown paper as if it were a penny, the money which he had received for betraying and spying upon his master. Not thus, however, was he justified, but paid with his skin for the sin of his soul. Men of science have declared that no man can survive the loss of more than twenty-eight per cent. of his natural covering against the air. Sam Slowbury lost, at the mildest computation, very nearly twice as much as that; yet, after a time of suffering (which made him feel enough for fifty, and to the end of his existence hate all flies), he was finally restored to his large but lean family, with the stamp of the royal mint upon him. Under his girdle—or, in stricter fact, his waistcoat pocket—on the toughest of his cracklins not singed off, were two indelible George and Dragons, and one fine countenance of George III., King of Britain, France, and Ireland, and Defender of the Faith. Sam charged a shilling to a great extent for showing these, and reared an honest family without excessive labor.

What with the furious rain, and the fright, and the darkening of the evenings—for now it was come to the equinox—the shattered church was scarcely cleared of the poor scorched sufferers that night. All who were unhurt worked hard under the guidance of Mr. Short, Dicky Touchwood, and Miss Perperaps. After the flood came down in full, the Christow could not be passed for hours, except at one spot, where a pair of granite pillars served to carry some long planks, and this delayed the clearance of the church as well. The large proportion of the wounded to the killed (being almost as nine to one) surprised all who were not in either number, and aroused their pious gratitude. And thus the didactic poet of the village, after a delicate allusion to Slowbury's case, which he feared to describe too nicely, declares, with true poetic force,

"I am astonished, both in heart and head,
To see so many, yet so few, lie dead."

Those who were happily absent must not speak as if they knew much about it; yet it was maintained upon inquiry that the rush from heaven which clove the tower dashed to pieces all it met, while the fire of the stony floor, and of the earth replying, burned the outside faces and skin-coverings of the people. And a sad case indeed was that of the excellent Mrs. Aggett, who deserved to be spared if ever anybody did, and was so connected with the very pulpit that she could speak orders for the sermon's length to the make-up and the measure of her own kitchen fire. If she had been roasted with her best dress off, and the little dog to turn the spit, she never could have been more purely browned, and she never could have carried on the noise she did about it.

Mr. Short was much concerned. But knowing many others to be ten times worse, he could not have her seen to first; for which she promised to forgive him, as soon as she should be strong enough. Forgetful of his own interest, he pushed on, carrying with his own sturdy arms some of his charred parishioners to an empty barn of Farmer Willum's, which was to be the hospital for those who could not be carried home. Then the dead were taken home; and it must have been quite midnight when, with lanterns raised, they came to one unknown to any present.

"What a fearful sight!" the parson whispered, holding back the others. "The face is a very remarkable one, and the figure is that of a large, strong man. Is there no one here who knows him?"

All shook their heads as they gazed with awe. "A bad 'un, whoever he were," said one; "I reckon 'twere he who drawed down the storm."

"Hush!" replied Mr. Short; "who shall judge a man gone to his judgment? If no one knows him, let him stay. To move him would destroy all knowledge. No rain falls here. Go and fetch the curtain that fell from the chancel window. We will fix it before him until to-morrow. All the neighborhood will be here to-morrow, and some one, perhaps, to identify him. Any one who has ever seen it will recognize such a face as that."

So that which had been George Gaston spent the first night of death, with none to heed it, alone in the awful darkness, and grisly taint and ghastly ruins, itself the most awful form of darkness, and the most ghastly ruin.

CHAPTER LII.

UNVEILED.

"Oh, father dear, even if he comes, I beg you to put it off a little. After all the years we have spent at Christowell, it will seem so unkind to leave it now. And I am—I seem to feel so very odd to-day. The things that I have heard seem to strike me like the lightning, after my being in the midst of them. But how wicked of me to be talking of myself!"

Already, on the Monday morning, frightful and (if that were possible) exaggerated tales of the Christowell catastrophe had reached Lark's Cot, and the Captain's main reason for insisting on departure at the time appointed was his dread of the effect upon his darling's health. The furnace of death, from which she had come forth unscathed, like the holy children, might have spared her only for the moment, if she staid among the scenes which followed it. Therefore he rejoiced that he had fixed that day for Pugsley to fetch them to Moreton, where Rose would remain while her father went on to London. But now he looked closely at this dear child—whose life was all the world to him—and he doubted whether she could bear the jolting of what Master Pugsley described as "our oncommon aisy vaheykkel."

"Here he is! Here he is, I do declare! What can have brought him without his breakfast?" cried Rose, who was always excited about Pugsley; "and the stream is still very strong for him to cross; and he really has got two—two gentlemen with him. One is that kind old Mr. Tucker; but I have no idea who the other is."

The other soon proved who he was, for strong indignation is not silent except in a highly superior mind. Mr. Greatorex, a young insurgent attorney of the future, the foremost desk and the cleverest quill in the clerks' room of Latimer & Emblin, had been sent from pillar to post for a fortnight, to find out such a hole as this!

Pugsley's red face was expanded with a glow of gentle joy. The common lay mind hates the lawyer, as the lay body objects to the doctor, and the soul is timorous of the parson. So that both Pugsley and Master Tucker had listened throughout the long drive from Moreton to the plaints and menaces of this warm youth, with furtive shrugs and some interchange of winks. The clerk and the carrier now came up, with decorous salutes to a genuine Earl; but the timber merchant gave his hand as usual, and Captain Larks bowed as he pressed it warmly.

"I ought to have been here before now," Mr. Tucker explained, with dignity; "not for the change in your fortunes, my lord, but because of my duty to a man who trusts me; but the fault is not mine, sir, as you will see. Our folk never came home till Saturday night, with all their heads turned. Never to London shall they go again, so long as I be living. You would think there was nothing to Exeter good enough to put their shoes on, yet all the time they was in London they was crying up Exeter. And Snacks, who married my sister, hath behaved the worst of all. Whether it was that he knew too much or too little, or compounded with the lawyers—"

"Not so," said Mr. Greatorex, coming forward; "our firm is above all that. But it was felt, my lord, that in a position like this you should be well advised, and that our firm should approach you first, with an accurate statement of the case. I was dispatched with promptitude; but through wrong information, purposely supplied, I have been wandering for several days over this beautiful but frightfully rough county. Perhaps none but myself would have found your lordship now. I have no skin left in several places—but that will form the basis of a future action. May I have the honor of speaking with your lordship, quite in private?"

"As soon as you please. But Mr. Tucker shall hear all. Mr. Tucker is the truest friend I have, and I wish him to hear everything."

General Punk was gone back to Westcombe, and preparing there for a great campaign. The Captain showed them into the room which had been his, while Pugsley told wonderful tales in the kitchen.

"I am in the best possible hands," said the Captain, as soon as he had learned all particulars of moment, "and I see no occasion for extreme haste now. Perhaps you, Mr. Greatorex, will return at once to your excellent principals, with a note from me. I will follow as soon as things permit. You have heard of the terrible disaster here. I must go down. Will you come with me?"

Mr. Tucker had hired a carriage at Exeter on the Sunday morning, hoping to be at Christowell that day; but at Moreton the moor rose frightfully before them, swathed in black, and laced with fire. The driver turned in at the "White Hart," and stopped, and would not come out again; and there they found the lawyer, also weather-bound, and fuming. Some one told them that Pugsley was ordered to start right early in the morning to fetch a gentleman, who proved to be the very one they both were seeking.

Now while these three were gazing with amazement at the sad wreck of the tower, and the crocketed pinnacles stuck into the earth (like the sceptre of Canute in pictures), Mr. Short asked them to enter. "There," he said, drawing the red curtain back, "we can not identify this poor man. And how can we bury him without it? The strong face shows a man of mark, yet none of the thousand gazers knows him."

"I know him by name," cried Mr. Tucker, shuddering, for he was gentle-hearted. "I am sure it must be George Gaston."

"And I know him more than by name," said young Greatorex. "What villainy was he come for here? Lord Delapole, it is your deadly enemy. The man who has labored to rob and ruin you."

"I never harmed him, and I am truly glad of it. I have long felt that some one was against me; but I never even knew his name. Let us say nothing against him now."

In the afternoon, when Greatorex was gone off in all haste to London, and Mr. Short was resting at last in his own room, but Christowell church-yard still was thronged with timid and wondering people, among tossed monuments and headlong tombstones, cast about like skittle-pins, two persons met and looked with astonishment at one another.

"Like a bombardment, ain't it, sir?" said the younger of the two, though well of age, as he made a soldier's salute. "Reminds me how it was at Badajos."

"Ah, you were there? I know your face; but at present I forget your name, my friend, if, indeed, I ever knew it."

"Rees Howell, sir, of the —— Hussars, 'the Never-mind-What,' they used to call us. Most of us knew Colonel Westcombe."

"Because I knew most of your officers," answered the Colonel, with his usual modesty. "But where are you living now, Rees Howell?"

"At 'The Raven,' with my father, sir. I only came home yesterday. Just in front of this great storm. I never saw worse in any of the Serries, as they call them. 'Tis as bad as a general action, a'most. The barns are full of groaners, as we used to call the wounded chaps. I've a great mind to tuck up my sleeves and help. I have seen a good bit of scorching."

"Rees Howell, I am going to do the same, with permission of the doctors. I hope you have no friend or relative hurt."

"No, sir. The only one that I know is a dead man, and he might have made one of me yesterday, for he drew a pistol on me, by Cranmere, and I made sure he would have shot me. Ah! he was a bad one, by his face. I speak the same of a chap, live or dead. You can't hurt him, when he's gone to the devil. But who do you think I saw here, not half an hour agone, sir, and made me stare so when I met you? It never rains but it pours, sure enough, about Dartmoor; though I knew from my father that you were there, Colonel. Why, the poor young Captain, young enough he was then, who told such a pile of lies to save his brother, and was ready to be shot for it, without a button moving. There was only myself and one other man, besides their two selves, that knew all about it."

"Howell, you surprise me," answered Colonel Westcombe, leading him to a retired tombstone. "I have always understood— Is it possible that any man can have sacrificed himself so?"

"Yes, sir. I suppose they made it square between them, for the younger one to take the shame, with a heap of cash to ease it. The elder one gave £50 for me and Bill Hosier to divide, the only two that could swear to the truth upon oath, to hold our tongues about it. And not being asked, why should we speak, sir, when they had settled it between them?"

"That was your view of it, and natural enough. But how could you two alone know the truth, and be out of all doubt concerning it?"

"Simply enough, sir, as you will say. The night was like pitch, you may remember; and after ten hours in saddle, our eyelids was the brightest part of them. The story turned upon the question which of them two crossed the river; for the one that had crossed could have nothing to do with the runaway, neither could he stop it. And it may sound queer, but true it is, the night being such, and the wood so black, and the boat bridge so dangerous in the dark, not one of us might have been sure till morning which of the brothers came with us, without a certain little accident. Leastways the two were so much alike, in size and voice and standing, that I could not have sworn which was which in the dark, against their own word about it, although I should have known, in my own mind, which it was, from his manner of giving orders. But there happened to be on the further bank a pit of white stuff as white as pipe-clay, and into that our Captain popped, up to the tops of his big saddle-boots, and Bill Hosier and me gave a hand to pull him out. The bridge was unsafe in the dark for horses, so we crossed on foot, to keep a look-out there.

"Colonel, I ran away as fast as anybody when the great alarm arose; back over the bridge in a twinkling, every one of us, and up on the first horse we could lay hold of, and skittered on the heels of the rest of them. The Captain drew his sword, and stood before us; but the rush of men went over him, and he had the place all to himself, and welcome. In the morning we slunk back, all straggling anyhow, and ashamed to look at one another; and he must have slipped from a by-road in among us to share the disgrace of the lot of us. And he did more than that, he took it all upon himself when the General rode up to inquire; and you know the rest as well as I do. But Hosier and I saw the white stuff on his boots, and could swear where that had come from, and who was the only man that kept his post, and tried to deliver us from being laughed at; and his name was Captain Arthur Pole."

"And you were content to stand by and see him shot for the sake of £50, you scoundrels!"

"No, Colonel Westcombe, that is not fair. The money was not spoken of till after that, when his life was out of danger. But you know what the service was, and what men are. Neither Hosier nor I had a chance to open mouth. We were all under guard, and could not get at one another, and we did not hear a word of what was going on. Bill thought the same as I did, until we got together, that the saddle would surely be put on the right horse. And when we were brought out to see the execution, 'Silence' was the order, and not one of us dare move, though our flesh upon our bones was creeping. If one of us had broken rank, a bullet would be through him. For the General, to add to our disgrace, had drawn the rest of the Light Division round us. Ah, Colonel, I never shall forget that day. But we made up for all of it afterward."

"Ay, that you did. You were desperate fellows. I never shall forget the next time you were in action. Howell, I am delighted to have heard your tale. It has solved a great mystery that has lasted many years. I suppose you are ready to make oath to it before any magistrate, if called upon."

"At any moment, Colonel. And Bill Hosier is living. I came across him not so very long ago. He keeps the 'Nag's Head' at Ipswich."

"Very well. Say no more about it, unless you are called upon to do so. But don't leave this neighborhood without my knowledge."

CHAPTER LIII.

RESIGNATION.

Before any one at Touchwood Park could hear of the great calamity, a letter from Mr. Short arrived with assurance of Dicky's safety. But the young squire, thinking that they well deserved a fright, had added these words, without the parson's knowledge: "It is true that I am spared; but in Divine retribution on my father's impious scheme, I bear upon my brow forever the vivid impression of a high-dried ham. We are all marked with something, and I am marked with this, from its constant presence in my mind. However, it makes no difference."

"I don't believe a word of it," said Miss Touchwood. "Dicky has always been a dreadful story-teller. And if he has got it, we can rub it out with pumice-stone, and squeeze a little aquafortis in. Don't be so foolish, mother dear. He would have written three pages if it were true. And even if it is, why should we weep? He will be useful in the world at last by giving people an appetite. And it proves how right my father was in choosing his vocation. He can show a sample of his goods, and they dare not run a skewer through it."

"Julia, you have no feeling. That has always been your fault. Oblige me by ordering the carriage at once. Mr. Short begs me very much not to go over, because of the awful sights and scenes. But what scene can be imagined half so awful as the Grecian countenance of my only son with a high-dried ham upon its brow? I shall go and tell your father my opinion of him. Don't talk to me about men after that." In spite of all his strength of mind, Sir Joseph got the worst of it, and was glad to hear wheels at the door once again.

In such a condition of things Miss Touchwood had no idea of being left behind. With a quickness of kindness which did her credit she put on a pretty half-mourning dress, with a gentle imaginative want of pattern and a mildness of lustre, like tears that are suppressed. It became her wonderfully well, and she was not entirely ignorant of that fact.

Not far from the turnpike they overtook a very nice old gentleman, a squire in a poor way now, but rich with long descent of education (even as Nous among dogs was); and he never was arrogant to the Touchwoods, although he was so much poorer. Now Julia had a weakness for nice old gentlemen, as handsome and clever girls often have, and so she invited Squire Wrey into the carriage, little dreaming of the consequence to her own life. For Mr. Wrey, who had been present in the church, and about among the people afterward, could speak of nothing else but the grandeur and sublimity of Mr. Short's behavior. Like a strenuous Churchman and stiff-hearted Tory, he almost considered this great blow a blessing, from the glory accruing to the Established Church.

"'Heroic' is scarcely the word for it, madam," he said (being rather hard of hearing), in reply to Lady Touchwood's agonized inquiry whether her son had a ham on his forehead. "You pronounce it heroic, and you well may do so, but it was something much higher than that. There was a grandeur of self-possession, a dignity, a trust in Providence, combined with a majestic self-reliance and a nobility of presence—although I am sure he must have longed to be somewhere else—which inspired us all, like the voice of a Nelson, but with a more tranquil and lofty courage. With a beam computed at three-quarters of a ton, crashing, as you may say, between him and the clerk (who made off with all celerity), this reverend and most resolute gentleman stuck to his text, till he couldn't hear his own voice. And after that, when there were seven people killed and sixty-two wounded, and the church all in rags, did he say, 'Let us run away'? No, madam; he said, 'Let us pray.' And his prayer saved fifty lives at least; for if the survivors had all rushed out, one shudders to think of what must have happened. I never heard a grander prayer in all my life, though I like them out of the Prayer-book best."

"But how could he see above the beam?" asked Julia; "he is so— I mean, he is not very tall."

"In the moment of trial he seemed to tower. His moral elevation raised him, so that he looked gigantic in the smoke. Depend upon it, my dear young lady, no warrior in the battle-field has ever performed any feat of valor half so noble, half so heroic—for, after all, that is the word for it."

"But has my son got a ham on his forehead?" Lady Touchwood almost shouted, so difficult was it to get a word in.

"It is not at all unlikely," the squire replied, calmly; "most people have got some mark or other. One highly respectable young woman has a gridiron with seven bars; so that they might—But I must not make light of your anxiety, Lady Touchwood. Even if he has, how thankful you must feel!"

"Indeed, then, I shall not. I shall never get over it. How much longer in going up this hill? Julia, call out to him to whip them well."

"Your son has behaved with most admirable kindness," the old gentleman resumed, to make amends. "I hear golden words everywhere of him, Lady Touchwood. He has spent every farthing of his money; and what is more, he has worked like a horse with his own hands."

"He always does spend every farthing of his money," replied his sarcastic sister; "but it is quite a new thing for him to work with his own hands like a horse. But here we are. Dicky, take your hat off, and show us the ham upon your classic brow."

"Oh! that was only to bring you over, and to get the governor into a row," Squire Dicky replied, without a blush, and in like style eluding the maternal hug. "No, no; not a hair have I turned yet, though I hear that Betty Cork lost a good five pounds' worth, not long come from Exeter. Come and see Short; he is a splendid fellow. You ought to have corking pins stuck into your backs, and the salting stool to sit against, instead of white silk and eider-down. Then you might understand some little of my doings. I am an altered man from this day forth."

"An altered man! An altered boy," exclaimed the jealous Julia. "But any change must be for the better. There is no change yet in fibs and brag. What have you done? Mr. Short has done it all."

"No, indeed, he has not," cried the parson, coming out from the sick-house Dick was entering. "Lady Touchwood, your son is a wonderful fellow. I had not the least idea of the good stuff in him. He has been up all night, he has torn up all his linen, he has put up, like an angel, with any quantity of groans, and—and really he has not once asked for so much as a single glass of beer."

"You frighten me. Such things are out of all nature. Robert," exclaimed Lady Touchwood, "drive at once to the 'Horseshoes,' or whatever the place is called, and bring half a dozen of their best bottled ale. Oh, Mr. Short, can I ever be thankful enough for this wonderful preservation? But to carry it so far is tempting Heaven. Don't mind me. I shall get over it, if allowed to sit with Richard."

Mr. Short saw that he was not wanted, for her ladyship now desired to cry. "I would ask you, if you can spare a moment," said the ready Julia, "to show me at least the outside of the church."

"Gladly would I show you the inside too," replied Mr. Short, without any second meaning; "but I fear that it would be too great a venture. Stones and beams keep tumbling down."

"I should have no fear, with you to guide me," she answered, in her softest voice, with a glance that made him tremble more than the most furious electric flash. "Oh, how I do admire lofty courage and grand chivalry!"

"So do I," said Mr. Short; "but one doesn't know where to find them. I believe that the only brave creature in the church—for I know that I was scared out of all my seven senses—was that beautiful Miss Arthur. For one moment there came a lane of light between us from some driftage of the smoke and wreck, and there she stood like a glorious Greek statue, not defiant, not dramatic, but simply with her courage gathered, to live or to die, as the will of God might be. The sweet nobility of her face was beyond all the powers of sculpture."

"No doubt. That young lady is gifted with graces which always have the fortune to come out. Others must always disappear the moment she appears upon the scene. She must have some wonderful transcendent height of courage, by which she defies the lightning, and fries fish. How long have you worshipped that Greek statue, Mr. Short?"

"Upon my word, Miss Touchwood, I had no idea that you could talk such nonsense if you tried. I am old enough to be little Rose's father, and I don't fall in love with the girls I christen. As it is, I have set my heart on a young lady much too young for me to think of in my nine-and-thirtieth year. I am even supposed to be older than that, from the dryness of my sermons, and the absence of anything florid in my theology, as well as because I keep my hair so short—and other things ladies can not enter into."

"Yes, they can. I demand to know them all, because my mother thinks so much of you. I have heard of Mrs. Aggett being sadly roasted, and it makes me so anxious about your dinners. Mr. Wrey says that you have tasted nothing but brimstone and bitumen since your Sunday breakfast. I wish I knew anything about cooking—like the Greek statue—but I don't, I don't. Oh, Mr. Short, who is that young lady so much too young for you to think of? Will she let me come and help her? For you are sure to have her."

"I wish I had any such faith in my powers. Will you promise to help me to your very utmost, if I tell you who it is?"

Miss Touchwood nodded blandly, and with an inexpressible slyness in her brilliant eyes, which even Mr. Short could not interpret. But he said to himself, "Now, neck or nothing."

"The young lady's name is Julia Touchwood, and I have loved her for several years."

"And you had every right to do it," said Julia, in her straightforward way; "and the lovely object has long suspected that you felt an interest in her. But she waited for a proof of what you were, because she has not much faith in words. And now she has got the proof, and is very proud to get it."

"Then, Julia, do you mean to say—"

"Certainly I do, and you may repent it. But I am too proud ever to repent, even when my mother has boxed my ears. Oh, Mr. Short, you won't do that?"

The place was a lonely one, and Mr. Short (scarcely believing in his good luck) did something else, to feel sure of it. And Julia said, "It is resignation; remember now, it is resignation only, which I have heard you describe as at once a duty and a blessing."

CHAPTER LIV.

CONJUGATION.

Ashamed of furious outbreak and fierce outrage upon tree and flower and friendly banks that cradle it, the Christow brook fell back to music, thoughtful pools, and smiling shadows. Among the Captain's pears remained the "witnessed usurpation"; but not a tree was washed away, so prudently had he taken heed of the possible range of water. Neither were his grapes much hurt, for no hail fell within the focus of the storm, though around its margin, as at Plymouth and at Hatherleigh, hailstones as large as turkeys' eggs, and some of even nine-ounce weight, are reported to have fallen. Some of his bunches had their rich bloom slurred by the violence of rain, and some were splashed; but the tan had saved most of them from this; and upon the whole they looked bright and handsome; and he might sell them, if so minded, as noble earls do nowadays, to turn an honest sixpence.

Reluctant still to take the needful plunge into the world of uproar, strife, deceit, and greed, and knowing that his interests could not suffer in the hands of the good solicitors, he lingered awhile among his favorites, nearer to his nature than pomp or luxury, wealth or grandeur. For a week of bright October weather, the golden reckoning of fine years was gleaming gently round all fruitage, with tender touch to ripen it. In the lovely afternoon of tempered sun and mellow shade the Captain took his accustomed course, with a tranquil mind, among tranquil things. Then a brisk step, as of an elderly man going more on his heels than he used to do, fell softly where the leaves were falling and the grass was touched with gray.

Colonel Westcombe held out his hand and bowed—a low bow, such as he never offered, even to the most exalted rank, unless his heart went with it. The Captain looked at him with some surprise, knowing what his nature was, and even with some pain, as if there were ceremony put between them.

"I am heartily ashamed to look at you," said the Colonel, gazing none the less, with his thick gray eyebrows moving. "What a fool I have been for trusting facts instead of trusting character!"

"You have been the kindest of the kind," the Captain answered, warmly. "When every one else disdained me, you had doubts whether I deserved it. And I am not sure that I do not. A man is too prone to acquit himself. But who has told you anything?"

"Everything has been told me by a man who knows all about it. I resolved to think it over first, lest I should seem to seek you, through your altered position in the world. But a little thought convinced me that it was mean to imagine that a man like you would impute such motives to me. So I waited for the month you fixed, and came the first day after it."

"I have been hoping to see you. Come and sit upon my bench of thought, and tell me all that moves your mind."

"Nothing moves my mind," said Colonel Westcombe, listening thoughtfully to the murmur of the brook and warbling of the independent robin, "so much as the wrongs that we men do to one another carelessly. Upon our own affairs we can not make our minds up, through desiring to have perfect balance; but we settle another man's business for him, and blast his name, without two thoughts. I feel that I have done this to you, not wantonly, as some people have, but narrowly, very narrowly; and I ask your pardon for it. A young man would not have judged you so. The longer we live in this world, the less we come to know of it."

"Where is Jack?" asked the Captain, smiling. "According to your theory, my friend, we should call him in to teach us wisdom."

"And you would not be so far wrong there. That young man is of very keen perception. When old Punk said something in Jack's hearing concerning the father of a certain lovely girl, my son forgot the reverence due to those who were born before him. Jack has been brought up like a Spartan, under the code of—I forget his name, Solon or Epaminondas—and sooner would he let the fox gnaw out— But I never get straight in a metaphor. What I mean is that I told him to stop across the water, and no power on earth can bring him over until he receives the signal. Now I have two points to settle. First, for my own satisfaction—but you need not tell me unless you please—why did you ruin your life thus? And then, what do you mean to do about my Jack?"

"I did what I did," said the Captain, slowly, "because it was impossible not to do it. We have supposed ourselves to be of many generations without taint. Taint of cowardice or treachery, I mean, for the taint of any other vice seems light. My father knew that his heir, my brother, was of a violent weak nature; brave enough, so far as that goes, but in no way steadfast. In all except the heirship, and the money spent upon me, I was always looked upon as the elder of the two, and this made my brother dislike me. Or perhaps I have no right to say that, and perhaps the fault was on my side too; but we were never comfortable together. When we got our commissions, I promised my father to look after Philip so far as I could (because he was wild and thoughtless), and to keep him from doing disgrace to our name by any unfashionable vices.

"Philip fought shy of me as much as possible. He believed that I despised him because he was so self-indulgent, and perhaps to some extent I did. But I do not want to puff myself at his expense. He had always been indulged, and had known no curb, while I had the benefit of being kept short. He fell into trouble in London, and my father, who had then much interest, contrived to get him sent out to join us, hoping that discipline and rough work might stiffen up his character. Philip submitted with a very bad grace, and I saw that he would get into some scrape soon, though I little imagined what it would be.

"For I can assure you, Colonel Westcombe, that he was as brave as the best of us; as brave, I mean, in mere bodily courage and contempt of visible danger. What ailed him that night, when he lost his mind so, and rushed away headlong, like a tail-piped dog, carrying our men after him, was the terror of an evil conscience. He had done an unmanly thing at home, and he paid for it with his manhood. He had seduced, under promise of marriage, a beautiful and innocent young girl, the daughter of one of our chief tenants. Abandoned to disgrace, she drowned herself, after writing him a letter such as no man should receive. And now in the depth of that dark night, by the melancholy moaning of the Tagus, her form came slowly up the water to him, bearing her dead babe on her breast. He leaped on his horse, and shouted madly, calling on his men to save him. The flight was sounded, and away went all, scouring out of the ghastly wood, in a panic never known before. My part was simple. I had to redeem my promise to my father, and to save the heir of our race and our ancient title from ignominy. Even my father never knew the truth, for he refused to see me, and I could not write against my brother. I lived abroad for several years, after marrying a maiden whom I long had loved, and who forsook the world for me. When I lost her, I came back to England with one only little child, and settled in Devon, for my dear wife's sake.

"Now whether I have been right in point of conscience to maintain a lie is a question for others to decide, who have not been placed as I have. But I never have regretted it; and on the whole, my life has been a happy one."

"So it ought to be," said Colonel Westcombe, not disdaining to shed tears. "I hope that I might have done the same. But I fear that my heart would have broken. And to keep the secret all these years, and to be prepared to die with it! Pole, you are the noblest man I have ever known or heard of."

"My dear friend," said the Captain, calmly, "there was nothing noble in it. Holloa! There is Jack on our side of the water! You said no power would bring him over."

"And I said it in all good faith. What can have brought him? Why, Rose, dear Rose, my own child Rose, as you are going to be, I hope, what has brought you here in such a flurry?"

"I am not in a flurry, Colonel Westcombe; I am calm, considering all my treatment. For at least three months I have had such orders, not to go to this place, and not to go to that; and then your son, Mr. John Westcombe, jumps all across the river into my carnation bed! It appears to me as if there was no law left. And instead of protecting, you are going to betray me."

"My darling," said her father, "it is I who must do that. Jack come here. You were brave enough just now. Rose, don't be foolish. What did I catch you doing under the leather-coat apple-tree?"

"You didn't catch me doing anything, papa—only having it done to me."

"Very well; so it shall be now. John Westcombe, take her two hands in yours, if she will give them, as I think she will. Then the Colonel will kiss her, and so will I."

"I will kiss my own dear father first," said the maiden, with a prospect of much blushing; "and then Colonel Westcombe, and that will be quite enough."

Now whether she carried out that arrangement without the lady's postscript to it—where the gist of the communication lies—is a question for Jack and herself alone. For the Colonel and the Captain marched away, discussing the days "when life was life" (because there was so much death to mark it), and with great breadth of instance proving how sad it would be to be one's own grandson. Happy is the fine fruit ripening thus, with pity for the bloom-bud forming at its base, pleasure in the memory of by-gone storms, and sunny content with its own rich honor.

But there was a little tumult yet to come, when General Punk, on a Dartmoor charger twelve hands and a half in height, set forth at the head of a vast expedition to capture or slay Black Wenlow. That armament still forms a date in the annals of the moor and of Okehampton; for verily there it was fitted out, the day before great market-day. Every breast was inspired with ancestral valor, every throat and stomach with native thirst and hunger, because the old General stood treat. And if, after that, they caught nobody at all, it was simply because there was nobody there. As for Guy Wenlow, and the very extraordinary things that happened to him, his reasons for taking to savage life, his great single-handed encounter with Nous, the effect upon his mind of Mr. Gaston's sudden end, and the marvellous device and ingenuity by which he built himself a dry house beneath the peat, and furnished it purely at his neighbors' expense, it would be a Wenlovian or even a Munrovian act on our part to pirate the work which Mr. Short has in hand upon that noble subject.

Neither has Mr. Short yet finished that "Song of the Rose," which he promised to the world; for which delay there are two good reasons—the first, that Dicky Touchwood, upon his return to Cambridge, developed extraordinary poetic power (which raised him above all competition), whether from the way in which he was taken off his feet, or whether from such sense of wrong as invented the iambus. And a still better reason was that Julia, though generally submissive, and enwrapped in children—who were called "the tall Shorts" everywhere—could by no fallacy of connubial logic be urged into sufferance of such an outrage. But perhaps the best reason of all was this—that the subject was above him, as the beauty of the rose is above imagination, because it is nature's beauty.

THE END.